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**THE**

**SPECTER CHIEF;**

**OR,**

**THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.**

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**BY SEELIN ROBINS**

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**NEW YORK:**  
**BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,**  
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THE

# SPECTER CHIEF;

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# THE SPECTER CHIEF.

## CHAPTER I.

How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair  
Was the lone land that met the stranger there!

Nothing appeared but nature unubdued,  
One endless noiseless, woodland solitude.

*J. K. Paulding.*

Jealous, they saw the tribes beyond the sea  
Plant in their climes; and towns and cities rise.

*Dwight*

The spring of the year 1774 had fairly opened. Masses of ice only a few weeks previous were forcing their way toward the "father of rivers," and the scenery along its great tributary, the Ohio, presented the desolate aspect of winter; but the influence of a milder season had quickened the herbage, and on many a spreading branch the young leaves were bursting forth, throwing their lively green upon the waters beneath. The dogwood and the red-bud displayed their blossoms in brilliant contrast; and here and there a change in the most tardy of the vegetable tribes announced the near approach of general verdure.

In the locality in which we have chosen to commence our tale, the rays of an afternoon sun were slowly leaving the valley along which the waters rolled their full tide,



and gleams of yellow light upon the forest-covered hills were giving, as they ascended, more and more of the shadowy repose of evening to the less elevated parts of the scene. The air had sunk into a tranquility in keeping with the quiet of all things around. Now and then a withered branch or sapling, torn from its place on the loose soil above, was forced into contact with a depending bough or projecting point of earth, and a gentle rustling broke for a moment the silence of the place; but the faint sound thus caused soon subsided, and all was again still. It was not long, however, before other sounds roused the echoes of the neighboring hills; the splash of oars, with long intervals, as though the rowers were in no haste, or had a heavy pull with sweeps—voices mingled in confusion, and occasionally a burst of cheerful song—showed that this solitude was not wholly unvisited by human beings. At length there glided from behind an island one of those rude, floating structures which were sometimes used at this period for the conveyance of passengers and freight down the Ohio, as well as its two great branches, the Allegheny and Monongahela; and which, from their appropriation during the settlement of the western territory of Virginia, came to be designated "Kentucky boats." The one in question was oblong, measuring about fifty feet in length, and perhaps twenty in breadth. Square at the bow and stern, it in this respect resembled the coal arks afterwards used in the early Lehigh trade. It was formed by fastening boards by wooden pins to a framework to which had been given an elevation of some five or six feet above the water line. Toward the stern was erected a sort of cabin of fifteen or sixteen feet in length, of breadth such as to leave a convenient passage on either side of it to the back end, where a space was appropriated to the steersman. A long, heavy oar, thrust out through a hole in the boarding, constituted the rudder, the director of which was elevated by a slight staging sufficiently to enable him to look over the low roof of the cabin toward the forward part of the boat. The arrangement of the freight varied as the character, quantity or bulk of the ar-



ticles required, or the peculiar taste or skill of the craftsmen dictated, room being left for the movements of the passengers, and for the labors of the oarsmen. When the river was "full," as was the case at the time to which we are referring, the current alone would give to the "Flat-bottom" a speed of three or four miles an hour; and this rate of motion was of course increased by the impulse of several strong rowers. The individual before us had, on the preceding day, left Pittsburg, (or Fort Pitt, as the post at the fork of the Ohio continued to be indifferently termed,) and after a prosperous voyage of nearly ninety miles, she was approaching a point at which her first stoppage was to be made.

Pittsburg, Pitt, or the Fort, as most of our readers are probably aware, was for many years the frontier post of Pennsylvania. Between it and the "settlements" intervened a wide tract of mountainous country covered with unbroken forests. The comparative strength of the post, and its situation with respect to the great water route of the western territory, rendered it a convenient depot for all kinds of provisions, which were to be distributed westward of the regular settlements, and an important *point d'appui* in seasons of hostile incursion. From its stores were furnished most of the craft which descended the main river, as it was the chief port of embarkation for places further down the stream. The country northward of the Ohio was, as yet, in the exclusive possession of the red tribes. Upon the Beaver and Muskingum, Tuscaroras and Delawares had numerous villages; further westward, the fierce Shawanos occupied the valleys of the Sciota and Little Miami; and beyond these, the remains of the once powerful confederacy of the Miamis extended to the settlements of the French on the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. Near the Lakes were scattered Wyandots, (or Hurons,) Ottawas, and several other warlike tribes. Along the southern shore, from Pitt to the Great Kenhawa, emigrants from Eastern Virginia had made numerous locations, and within four or five years, in the wilds of a still more remote region, had been erected a few



"stations," the first promise of the future empire of Kentucky; but from these to the Mississippi, the eastern boundary of the then Spanish territory of Louisiana, there were only one or two French posts.

The feelings of the borderers toward the red men were always hostile—in many instances inhuman. Repeated collisions of individuals were followed by the onset of large parties, so that during the years immediately preceding the period of our tale, the hatred of the tribes beyond the Ohio had been deepening, until it had become so fierce that little was needed to bring on a general war. From their principal villages, there were opened converging war-paths towards the towns of the South, the main route passing through a gap in the "Ouasiota," (or as they are now termed, Cumberland) mountains. Bands of armed and painted warriors were frequently on the march to "strike" their ancient enemies, who were not slow to seek reprisals by parties of their own. So incessant, indeed, were these interchanges of hostility, that the regions watered by the Kentucky river were rendered too unsafe for the residence of any of the belligerents, and was entered only as a field of battle. Its significant name, "The Dark and Bloody Ground," which it received from the Indians, manifests the horrid uses to which it had been abandoned. Into this devoted region, which the treaty of Fort Stanwix had not tranquilized, the hardy pioneers of 1769-70 ventured to penetrate. Exposed, as they and their successors were, to the vindictiveness of defeated, or the wanton cruelty of successful combatants, it naturally happened that encounters of a deadly character beset the adventurous backwoodsman; and often the massacre of a surprised family bore dreadful witness of the hazards of western settlement. Thus stimulated, as well as by the causes before adverted to, the animosity between the whites and the Indians had reached a violence which admitted of no certain control; a casual meeting between a borderer and one of his savage neighbors was, in many instances, the signal of death to one or both of them. Still there was no such open or combined action as sus-



pended the navigation of the Ohio; and from Fort Pitt, barges, canoes and flat-bottomed boats, such as we have described, continued to bear their accustomed burthens of traders, landhunters and merchandize.

Within a year or two the Moravian brethren, who had extended their missionary labors from the Lehigh and Susquehanna to the Allegheny, had taken post in one of the forks of Muskingum, and were there endeavoring to strengthen their interest with the unconverted Indians, particularly with the Delawares, the members of whose tribe were the earliest objects of their benevolent efforts in Eastern Pennsylvania. Their converts, however, had never enjoyed the confidence of the traders and settlers, who could not separate their old associations from the Christianized savage; and recent as was the undertaking of the brethren in the western territory, it was not to be expected that they should meet with special favor in this quarter.

With this glance at the state of the times of which we are writing, let us take a view of the inmates of the Flat-bottom, which we left pursuing its way with the current of the Ohio. Of the oarsmen and their commander, little need be said. They were of the rough class common to their calling, and as they play a very subordinate part in the scenes before us, we may properly leave them to their employment. In the middle of the boat, leaning against the boarding which inclined outward, or indolently sitting or lying upon boxes and bales on the bottom, were a number of persons mostly dressed in faded hunting-shirts, each man wearing a deer-skin belt, with a sheath containing a knife, the size and form of which fitted it for its various employment of fighting, hunting and eating. The weather-beaten faces of these men, and their reckless countenances indicated at once the hardy discipline to which they had been subjected, and its influence upon their characters. A venerable-looking man, whose attire, although by no means such as accorded with his evident superiority over his noisy fellow-passengers, was yet both more costly and better fitted than theirs, stood near the door of the cabin with



his arms folded, a fur-cap hanging carelessly from one hand. His hair, which bore the impress of many winters, fell thickly about his temples, and heightened the effect of an exterior otherwise striking. His eyes were fixed upon the shore, and an expression of sober thought seemed to point to subjects very different from those which occupied the boisterous group in his vicinity, whose merriment, even when loudest, apparently failed to change the course of his reflections. By his side was a personage whose laughing eye and occasional exclamations showed that he, at least, shared in the mirth of the hour. Well-proportioned, of a height rather above the medium, and exhibiting the carriage of one used to civilized companionships, he stood with one hand in the belt of his hunting-shirt, and with the other he made from time to time sundry encouraging gesticulations toward one or another of the individuals before him. He was evidently rather under than over thirty years of age; and while his features were free from the ruggedness of the ordinary woodsman, they yet bore traces of exposure and manly exercise.

The conversation, whatever it had been, was soon diverted by some graver suggestion than had been ventured before our attention was directed to the group, and the increasing earnestness of the speakers manifested that the tide of feeling was running into a deeper channel.

“Bill Thompson, if you think that rascal Connolly was doing nothing with his lordship up at Pitt, then you’ve no more eyes than—than—Old Grumbler here, who fires at every tree out of six for a red-skin, and when he comes across the raal thing, can’t tell him from a riglar trader.”

The worthy whose visual powers had thus unceremoniously been drawn into a simile, raised himself from his elbow, and was preparing to make a serious demonstration, when Thompson caught him by the collar, and with an air of vexation said:

“Why, you go off half-cocked, Uncle Tim—let the fellow alone, can’t you? Here’s the twentieth time you’ve



fooled yourself into a passion about nothing. Keep cool, and let's hear what he's got to say about Conolly."

Uncle Tim seemed slowly to perceive the inutility of quarrelling with the joker, whose experiments, to say the truth, were made with impartiality as to time, place and person; and as the subject just introduced was of general interest, curiosity aided materially in repressing any farther display of his resentment. He, therefore, resumed his recumbent posture, and the first speaker coolly continued his remarks:

"You needn't think because my legs stand on a Pennsylvania warrant, that I've been hatchin' notions agin Conolly. The villin's got too much to answer for in the way of landswagger, for me to care about fixin' on him what isn't his own. But I tell you agin, that if him and Lord Danmore wasn't a plottin' more than you or me would like to father, then I'll never pull trigger. Didn't Corporal Pearson say—you heerd him, Smith—didn't he say that when he stood guard outside the door, they talked so loud, he could count every word for more than half-an-hour? And wasn't it all about the Boston row, and the doin's in Philadelphia, and among the Borgees in Virginy? And didn't he say, (I'm blessed, I'd wish he'd say as much to me!) that these infernal red-skins should be bamboozled into the pay of his Majesty, and made to believe that his Majesty would insure 'em their lands, and so keep 'em playing on us while the folks t'other side of the ridge had their hands full with the rig'ars? Now, I say it, and I don't care who hears me, that to be makin' up sich plots aforehand, when it's about ugly enough in these parts with the scalpin' devils, is an onanly treason—contrivin'. I say when a man's hair is gettin' to be on fire, unless he's wide awake for treedag, it's an ongolty villin that would help the Injuns agin his own color for the sake of gettin' the uppermost in a family row. But if you've a mind to talk over the matter of warrants, there's Long Jake—he'll lay it on thick enough for you."

The individual thus appealed to as a champion upon the question of the limits of jurisdiction between Pennsyl-



vania and Virginia, appeared to enter into the discussion as a thing of course, and forthwith proceeded to show, in his rude way, that the Government of Virginia had manifested a singular want of honesty and discretion in setting up a claim to the country around Pitt. Comparatively few of the present generation are aware of the difficulties which had long beset the adjustment of the limits of the several provinces; and it will probably surprise some of our readers to be told that the large space from near Jonestown on the route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, southward to the present line of Maryland and westward to the Ohio, was once claimed as within the boundaries of the "Ancient Dominion;" and was, during a series of years, contended for by personal struggle, as well as by formal proclamation and process of law. Earl Dunmore, who removed from the government of New York to that of Virginia, in 1772, visited Pittsburg, soon after his new appointment; and he was by many of the western settlers believed to have made his journey subserve some such plan as was the subject of the remarks repeated above. The disputes with the mother country engaged the attention of the Earl from the time of his assumption of office as Governor of Virginia; and the troubled minds of the Generals and adherents of Pennsylvania were easily moved to suspect that he was endeavoring to sow the seeds of dissension, by exciting adverse interests between the two provinces. Conolly was his principal agent in relation to the land surveys, and he drew upon himself even a greater odium than fell to the share of his employer. The authorities at Pennsylvania arrested him, and put him in confinement at last.

Thompson, who had listened with moderation to the first speaker, evinced very little patience under the sweeping inferences of Long Lake. Reports of a projected character warmed the blood of each—personal allusions followed—as neither of the disputants lacked physical bravery, the ready knife was handled by both of them, although they were willing, upon a slight motive, to enter into a trial more serious than that of words. The young



looker-on by the cabin, at first enjoyed the spicy dialogue of the two settlers; but on the appearance of a disposition to fight, he had tightened his belt, and was about to persuade, or, if needed, compel an abstinence from bloodshed, when a man passed, with a light spring from the cabin-roof, over the head of the elderly personage already mentioned, and alighted near the group in the middle of the boat. With a quick, firm step he advanced to the chief actors, and showing his own knife, said, in a determined voice:

“Look you, Thompson—and you, Jake! if you carry on this game, the best man will have another to fight when he gets through his first play.”

The sudden diversion of thought occasioned by this interference, was favorable to the success of a general interposition of the company which followed it. Indeed the appearance of the person who had so boldly taken upon him the conclusion of the dispute, would, even upon a stranger, have impressed an instant conviction of the hazard of an encounter with him; and as his character was well known to the entire group by achievements which earned for him a prominence amongst the boldest of the western adventurers, the influence of remonstrance was proportionally strengthened. The excitement was gradually reduced, although not without expostulations and charges which more than once threatened to rekindle the flame of discord in all its former fury.

As the individual who has thus presented himself will continue with us to the end of our story, it will be proper to furnish the reader with a brief description of him. Celebrated as he was throughout the western territory, not only has oral tradition preserved numerous details of his exterior and habits, but his name has been perpetuated in the written annals of the West. Butler, as he was called, had barely attained his twenty-first year; his figure, however, upwards of six feet in height, had the sinewy outline of a much more mature age; and the marks of strong emotion were so deeply set in his face that they seemed the effects of more than half an ordinary life of intense ex-



citement. When free from any particular engagement, he seldom mingled with those of his class, but wandered about, or sat apart, busy with some internal source of disquiet, which, at such seasons, seemed to amount to absolute torment. Any enterprise which called forth all his energies was eagerly embraced by him; and he appeared to relieve himself from his mental uneasiness only by the fiercest exertions. Whence he came, or what the cause of his peculiarities, remained a subject of inquiry amongst his acquaintances. An incautious trader once ventured a jesting hint upon some inadvertent expression of Butler, and the terrible violence which followed had served as a protection against similar experiments. Yet, although thus vindictive and even savage when fully roused, he was not unfrequently tender, and kind to a degree unusual amongst his rugged companions. But he was everywhere treated with respect, for few of the most desperate would have lightly provoked a contest with this singular youth. With no fixed pursuit, he roamed wherever there was a promise of adventure. Lately a spy and ranger, he was now on his way to mark some of the choicest vacant land near the new Kentucky stations.

He had been sitting on the cabin roof, inattentive to the amusements of his fellow-voyagers, being absorbed in the old struggle with his invisible enemy. An observer would have shuddered at the demoniac scowl which darkened his physiognomy just before he sprang from his position in the manner above related. The knife which glittered in his grasp as he thrust himself between the contending parties, was drawn before he even knew of the rising quarrel. In the fury of passion he had turned quickly toward the bow of the boat, when his eye caught the scene below; and his face yet glowed with the pent-up fire of his anger, as he uttered the threat which turned the attention of all upon himself.

After witnessing the success of his interference he retreated toward the afterpart of the boat, with the design of again secluding himself from the rest of the company. His manner was subdued, and reaction seemed to be taking



ing place toward melancholy. As he was passing the door of the cabin his arm was touched by the person in front of it, who said to him:

"Monsieur Butler, I should be glad to speak a word with you."

Thus addressed, Butler paused a moment, looking the other quietly in the face, and then mildly replied:

"Certainly, Colonel Victor."

Standing by one side of the boat, and a little before the cabin, so as to be out of hearing of any one within, the venerable gentleman, whose name and military rank have just been disclosed to the reader, thus opened his remarks, a strong accent alone betraying his French origin.

"I know, Mr. Butler, that although a very young man, you are prudent enough in your judgments upon all that relates to the present condition of this neighborhood; and you may be relied upon in the matter about which I wish to consult with you. My niece there"—the speaker looked hastily toward the cabin, and lowered his tone still more, as if by the allusion reminded of the propriety of greater caution—"my niece there, who came up through the Carlisle, heard somehow, at Pittsburg, accounts of several of the recent treacheries of the savages; and before we embarked she was very apprehensive lest our voyage should lead us into danger. The representations made to me by many of our present company, as to the general tranquillity below, induced me to believe our proposed trip sufficiently safe; but now that we have started, her continued uneasiness, coupled with what I saw of the gloomy looks at Loggstown and Old Mingo, and the hints of the Shawano traders, whom we met at the mouth of Yellow Creek, have, I confess, infected my own mind, as far as she is concerned. I believe I have not stated to you that she is the orphan daughter of a sister of mine, whose husband fell under General Montcalm in '59. My own household on the Mississippi is small; and since her mother's death has left her without relatives in this country, except myself, it was thought best that she should take up her residence with me. Please God that she may meet



with no harm! The bare thought of an accident on the route terrifies me; although, as you know, Mr. Brier," added the Colonel, slightly elevating himself, while a smile of condescension played upon his lips, "I have seen service enough amongst the tribes, to be used to a worse track than the Ohio is at present."

"And very good sarvice, it was, too, Colonel Victor, as far as stout fightin' goes. I've heerd them say, that has seen you on the side of the Frenchers afore the peace, that it would have been a credit to any man to come off whole after a fair brush with you—and that in the woods, too. I don't doubt but your game's as good as ever; but women"—here a slight flush rose on the cheek of Butler—"are poor things in a scrimmage."

"I thought," resumed the Colonel, "that as we are near a convenient place for a change of our plan, that it was my duty, even now, to reconsider it; and I shoud feel obliged by your speaking freely upon the subject. The surveyor"—glancing at the person who had been standing by him before the affair with Long Jake—"is a clever fellow, but this is his first visit to the Ohio, and I scarcely think him a safe adviser in the circumstances."

"Oh, you mean Fenton—yes, there's stuff in him; but a man may be good enough farther in toward the settlements, and yet wants some trainin' to be up to things hereabouts. Well, as you say, Colonel, it's a serious affair, and as I ain't used to findin' reasons for bakin' out of anything, I'll look about me a little, and let you have what seems most likely in the end."

"My dear uncle," said a rich voice from the cabin door, "I have been watching every turn of the river for the last hour or two; and you staid so long, that I began to be tired of having it all to myself. Can't we see something together?"

The girl who thus unconsciously interrupted a conversation of which she was herself the subject, was of middle height—neither slender nor the reverse—neither very beautiful, nor its opposite; but her luxuriant hair, which fell in glossy ringlets about her neck, the sparkling soft-



ness of her full hazel eye, her well turned figure, and the sprightly grace of her movements, were fitted to obtain for her, in any situation, an admiration quite equal to that with which the surveyor was at this moment contemplating her from his position at the other side of the boat.

"See, uncle, how gracefully the vines hang on that island—they must be very beautiful when in full leaf—and that tall sycamore on the bank of the river—how it overlooks the poor little trees near it. I would so like to see the forests along our route with the dense foliage of summer! And yet, uncle," continued the speaker, a shade of seriousness clouding her bright face, "if there *should* be any Indians, would it not be better for us to have the least possible cover for them?"

"My dear Marie," said the Colonel, stooping to kiss the forehead of his niece, while he gently laid his hand upon her head, "do not allow your enjoyment of this fine river to be checked by idle fancies of Indian plots. Be assured that I would not heedlessly risk one of these precious hairs. The inquiries of our friend, Mr. Butler, whose care you have already proved, will enable us to determine finally, to-night, whether or not your voyage promises to be secure. If any new motive appears, we can return to Pitt, and find a better course for you."

"Thank you, dear uncle! I know your kindness will do everything that is necessary."

"Herra!" shouted one of the men forward; "there she is, high and dry!"

This exclamation drew the attention of all in the direction of the sound, and enabled them to see, at no great distance, through intervening branches, the thatched roof of a small log hut. The strokes of the long oars became more animated—a border song broke from the lips of one of the party—another and another succeeded, and a chorus was still ringing from the hills when, after the lapse of some thirty minutes, the boat struck the landing-place at Wheeling.

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## CHAPTER II.

It threatens not us: why should we lose the sport?  
 Though thousands perish, why should we refrain?

*Fairfield*

—————The hills

Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun—the vales  
 Stretching in quiet pensiveness between;  
 The venerable woods—rivers that in ro  
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
 That make the meadows green.—*W. C. Bryant*

A yell the dead might wake to hear  
 Swell'd on the night air, far and clear,  
 Then smote the Indian to a sick.—*Waltier.*

Although the exploring parties which roamed up and down the Ohio, found no difficulty in accommodating themselves by encamping wherever they chanced to be at nightfall, yet there were particular localities, which from their convenience as to position, shelter, etc., were favorite camping spots. Upon these, when out of reach of a regular "station," the neighboring Ind-ians would fall back at any sudden alarm; and as they were the first places aimed at, on the outward journey, it seldom happened that they were entirely unoccupied. One of the best known of these was the flat or terrace at the upper side of a creek called Wheeling and Wankin, where the level ground extends a short distance from the Ohio, bounded southward by the creek, and eastward by a high hill, which, inclining to the river, narrows the plain there. From this place to Redstone (a port at the mouth of the branch of the Monongahela), was a path much traveled by those who came from Willis Creek, (or Cambria,) in



the Potomac. On this path was a well-known resting-place, called Cutfish camp, where resided a person named Huston. Within twenty miles above Wheeling were log-houses, distinguished as "Newlands's," "Baker's," etc.; and below, on the flat at Grave Creek, frequent encampments of explorers, such as we have above mentioned. At the Wheeling, there was a rough log structure, thrown up without much art, and covered with a roofing of poles and dry cedar, or pine-brush. This stood near enough to the bank to be seen from the river above at high water; and it was the same descried from the Flat-bottom, as stated at the conclusion of the preceding chapter. Some of the boat's company were to land here with a portion of the freight, others were to be added from the shore, and it thus became necessary to remain until the next morning. Into the log hut, which was hastily partitioned with blankets, Colonel Victor, his niece, and the surveyor were invited by the principal occupant; for it was not usual for passengers to continue in their boat when good lodging or good fellowship was to be had on land. There was less reason in Marie's case for such a change, for her cabin was better than ordinary; but the men were expected to be in motion about the boat until late, and their boisterous habits would render it less agreeable for her to sleep in than the hut, which was somewhat removed from the camp on the Wheeling bottom.

In the course of the evening, a conference was held by Colonel Victor and Butler, in which several of the people from the camp participated, and the probabilities for and against the secure passage of the travelers were freely canvassed. There had been acts of aggression in places remote from each other, and a robbery had just been committed on some neighboring landholders; but no clear evidence had as yet appeared of a design to open general hostilities. It was thought that if the party could pass the Scioto, the risk, if any, would be slight. The savages had been cut in very small parties; and the traders with the Shawnee towns were growing uneasy; but the open encounters had been chiefly brought about, it was said, by



previous disputes between individuals. The boat's company was large and well-armed, and it was not likely that it would be attacked by an inferior force, this being contrary to the constant policy of the Indians. A slight show of the resistance of which the travellers were capable, would suffice to prevent a close assault, and this advantage, as the majority of the party were going below the mouth of the Sciota, would insure the worst portion of the route. It was further remarked that if any danger was to be apprehended from a few hostile Indians, it would be as probable on the return to Pitt as anywhere else. To remain at the Wheeling was out of the question and the anxiety of Colonel Victor to be once more at his home, near the Mississippi, rendered extremely unwelcome the idea of retracing his course. Indeed, he would not have thought of discussing it, except on account of Marie. Upon the whole, it was concluded to adhere to the original design. Little did the Colonel think that the very men with whom he was thus consulting were themselves about to commit, upon unoffending Indians in the vicinity, some of the most fiendish murders of which border annals have preserved any record!

Marie retired early to rest. She had endeavored to persuade herself that her uncle's resolution was well grounded, but her habitual dread of the savages prevailed over every mode of reasoning which she could adopt to rid herself of the apprehensions with which she had set out on her journey; and she lay long awake. Noises kept up at the camp—sounds of revelry, too plain to be mistaken, contributed to render her restless; and after several ineffectual attempts to compose her spirit, she arose and looked out through an opening in that side of her apartment which faced the scene of carousal. She had been in this position about a quarter of an hour, when her attention was fixed by an extraordinary commotion, which seemed to be rising higher and higher at every moment. Rattle cries, mingled with fearful oaths, were followed by a stiller: a sudden flash of light was thrown over the objects in front—then came a rushing, and a yell which



echoed so awfully to the terrified girl that she shudderingly closed her ears and drew back from the opening. The tramping of many feet, spreading over a wide surface, as though to cut off from some one the possibility of escape, recalled her to the aperture, and by the gleam from camp fires and brands, as well as the moonbeams, she was enabled to discover the direction of the general movement, and that an Indian was the object of pursuit. Since the cry of mingled surprise and defiance which he had uttered at the beginning of the chase, he had been silently urging his way toward the creek, with the intention of dashing across it into the gloom of the forest beyond, where he might trust to his skill to relieve him from his pursuers. But the number of these rendered his experiment of very difficult execution; and from his edging nearer to the river, it was evident that his chances of success were lessening. He was at length hemmed in to a very narrow passage, out of Marie's view; but in a few minutes a buzz reached her ear, and the return of the victors placed her again within partial hearing of their noisy conversation.

"Bill, that fellow had pluck—but he was a little too late for the creek. I mean to dry this skull cap the way old Crooked Timber showed us last week. But, blazes! how the thing bleeds!"

Sick at heart, Marie called her uncle; receiving no reply, she pushed aside the blanket-curtain and again called, when a rough voice, as though the speaker was just awakened, answered:

"Is it the Colonel you want, marm? he's down with some of the men."

"What is all this noise outside?"

"Noise?"

"Yes—something dreadful has happened. Do see what it is."

The other raised himself up, and listened to the shouts which came intelligibly enough from the camp, and then said:

"Oh, it's nothin' but Cresap's fellows—they're on a



high boss—I'd ha' slept all night as for them, but you started me easy enough. I'm used to 'em; but you made one think there was somethin' more."

"But they've killed some one—an Indian—can't you call Colonel Victor?"

"Killed him? it's like enough! They're goin' it hard to-night, and I thought he would have better moved his traps. But it's no use, marm, to be anyways troublel—no harm will come to you; and as for the Colonel, he's not far off."

So saying, the speaker seemed to be replacing himself as comfortably as he could upon the floor, and Marie, finding it useless to urge him further, shrank back to her couch, and covering her head, sobbed and prayed, until wearied by her intense excitement, she fell into an uneasy sleep.

The reader will readily believe that the transactions of the night—of a kind then too frequent on the frontiers for us to discredit their reality—gave additional strength to the fears with which the timid girl had taken leave of her uncle. When she awoke in the morning, the vivid recollection of the terrible scene so affected her, that pressing her hands upon her eyes, she fairly wept aloud. But this indulgence could not be prolonged; the grey dawn, which had barely rendered visible the sides of the hut, was brightening into a clear glow, and it was necessary to be ready by times for the movements of the day. Hastily arranging her dress, she sought her uncle with the hope that the bloody excess of which she had been a witness, and which she doubted not had come to his knowledge, might effect a change in the result of his conference. To her disappointment, she learned that Colonel Victor had gone down to the boat, and with a heavy heart, she walked up and down before the hut.

The fort, which was built early in the revolutionary war, was the first step towards founding the large and busy town of Waukegan. The landscape offered to Marie's eye possessed none of the features of a southern scene. In the river, in front, lay an extensive island, on which lay



proaching triangular. It was covered with a rich covering of herbage, the bright green of which was put in relief by the darker waters which it divided. The trees upon it were festooned with vines, whose half-spread leaves partially concealed their clinging branches. On the other side of the Ohio, hills, covered with a great variety of forest trees, sloped up from the bottom, and from a romantic dale issued a stream corresponding with that which bounded the plateau of Wheeling, to distinguish it from which, as well as because of its being upon the Indian side, it was called "Indian Wheeling," or simply "Indian Creek." Behind the hut, where the elevation assumed a holier character, and southward, where the waters of Wheeling Creek came playing down through a woody dell, the scenery offered some variety, but in harmony with the rest of the landscape. The fresh morning breeze had somewhat revived Marie; her excitement was weakened by the change wrought in the current of her ideas, and she was fast yielding herself to the influence of the scene, when a manly voice near her inquired:

"Have you seen Colonel Victor, this morning, Miss Duval?"

Marie started at the sullen inquiry, and turning half round, saw the surveyor, who said, quickly:

"The Colonel was afraid that the noise outside alarmed you last night, and as he was obliged to go down to the boat, he requested me, in case you came out before his return, to explain the matter to you. The fact is, a strolling Indian crossed the river yesterday with a few skins, and as usual took strong water as pay. He managed to keep himself sober by the time the men had drank enough to be ready for any mischief. The Indian did not like their sport, and a quarrel was started, which ended in the death of the Indian. This kind of work is probably new to you, and the Colonel thought you might attach more importance to it than it really deserves."

"I thank you, Mr. Fenton, but if the friends of the murdered Indian hear of the manner of his death, will they not take revenge on the first white people who fall in their



way? indeed, indeed!" exclaimed Marie, all her fears rushing upon her, "I think it is unsafe for us to go on. Cannot my uncle be persuaded to turn back?" Clinging her hands firmly, she added, "you cannot think how I suffered last night. I saw it all."

Unable to proceed, she inclined her head, and with difficulty repressed an impulse to weep again.

"Believe me, Miss Duval," said the surveyor, "your safety shall be carefully looked to by all of us; sure I am that while I have strength to lift a hand, you shall not want a defender."

A little surprised by the earnestness evinced in the tone of Fenton, Marie raised her eyes, but instantly lowered them when she saw the look which met hers, and she rejoined, with a slight embarrassment:

"No doubt you would all do what was needful; but why risk the safety of our company? I will speak with my uncle, for after what has happened since we landed, it must be more dangerous on the river than before."

"You are not aware how frequently such things occur," said Fenton. "There is scarcely a post west of the Blue Ridge, where similar affrays have not been known. Lately, indeed, they have been somewhat more common; but as the Indians are usually under the influence of liquor, and begin the dispute themselves, the thing is pretty well understood by their friends, and no harm follows."

The surveyor, however, was mistaken; inasmuch as the wrongs done to the unfortunate natives, although apparently covered by time, were treasured up against a day of retribution, which was sure to come. The measure of injuries was at this very period well nigh filled to overflowing; and the dark warriors northward of the Ohio only waited a favorable moment to revenge all upon the heads of their common enemies, the whites.

"But it is very dreadful," said Marie, "that such cruelties should be permitted; and the instance last night was so"—

"Still thinking of the Indians?" interrupted the cheerful voice of Colonel Victor, "why, Marie, has not Mr.



Fenton been able to lighten your burthen? I left him to make all clear to you."

"Oh, uncle I have so wished to see you," said the niece, throwing her arms about the Colonel's neck, and bursting into tears. "What a horrid night I have passed. Do not go on—I am sure we shall all be killed."

"Why, my little trembler," replied Colonel Victor, who, startled by the impetuosity of Marie, drew her with parental fondness to his breast, and patted her cheek, "you must not be so alarmed about the drunken savage who came in yesterday—this is not the first accident of the kind, and yet we know that the boats are continually passing up and down without molestation."

But Marie was not so easily quieted, and it was only after a prolonged discourse, and some grave remonstrance on the part of her uncle, that she assumed a more quiet manner. Coming from a thickly populated section of the country, from which social refinement had excluded that rough estimate of human life, and especially of Indian life, which she was now for the first time encountering, and endowed with susceptibilities of a very lively order, it did not enter even her fancy that her revered relative could in any degree share in that indifference to unprovoked murder, which, amongst the half-civilized traders and settlers, had just been so painfully brought to her notice. Yet the truth was, that although a humane man, daily familiarity with such scenes had necessarily diminished his susceptibility to their impression; and it would have been difficult to convince any person, used as he was to the state of border relations with the savages, that the braining of a single red-man could make much difference in the general condition of affairs.

The debaucheries of the major part of the company were found to have carried their effects into the operations of the morning, so that the sun was high in the heavens when the fastenings of the Flat-bottom were cast off. Marie retired to the cabin during the confusion attendant upon the departure of the boat, but when the regular dip of the oars informed her that the crew were settled at their posts, she



stepped forward to pass out into the open air, in order that the scenery through which they were moving might prevent the recurrence of images too depressing to be hazarded in the seclusion of her little sleeping-room. But no sooner had she reached the outer door, than her eyes became fixed upon an object which set at naught her best resolution. In a half-reclining posture, between two chairs, was a figure, which, as far as mere apparel went, might have passed muster for a civilized man as well as half of the boat's company; but the dark complexion, the glowing eye, the tuft of hair on the top of the head, told plainly enough the aboriginal character of the passenger. Trifling as the meeting with an Indian in such circumstances might seem, the nerves of the agitated girl had received too great a shock for her to sustain easily even this, and it was fortunate that the surveyor was sufficiently near to observe the sudden change in her color, and her irresolute manner. Suspecting the cause, he promptly stepped to her side, interposing himself between her and the unwelcome passenger, and said kindly:

"Will you accept of my arm, Miss Deval? You appear to have suffered from the disturbance of your rest, last night. We are approaching a beautiful part of the river, and you will doubtless find your strength and spirits improved by the air and prospects here."

Gratefully accepting the timely proffer, Marie walked round to the side of the cabin and then hastily whispered,

"Why, Mr. Fenton, was he permitted to come on board? Did my uncle know of it?"

"Oh, yes; this is one of the Maravian converts. He came after us in a canoe, and early this morning asked leave of Colonel Victor and the captain to go down to the Shawano town, for which he has some message from the mission above. He has been up to Beaver, and as he seemed a friendly fellow, no great objection was made to it. They often go up and down in this way."

"Yet his Christianizing has made very little, if any, change in the expression of his face. It was the same



ness with which he looked at me that chiefly alarmed me as I came out of the cabin."

"Oh, that is likely enough; it is not easy to root out a character such as most of the savages have when the missionaries begin their work upon them. You might have seen, though probably your mind was otherwise occupied, a streak of green paint on his left cheek, extending from the corner of his eye nearly to his mouth. The missionaries try to rid them of this mode of daubing themselves, but find the effort a difficult one. I suppose all they have been able to do in this case is to moderate the color a little. But here comes Colonel Victor, who can inform you more fully on the subject."

A conversation followed, in which the topic and its bearing upon the new comer were fully discussed; and as the Colonel was familiar with the customs of the river, he was able both to quiet and interest his niece. As the morning advanced, Butler joined the three in conjectures relating to the high mound at Grave Creek, the mouth of which they passed. This mound, as well as the huge mistletoe bones of the Lick below, were already known, but their origin was variously assigned. Colonel Victor had seen many similar earthy structures elsewhere, and Butler had heard several respectable Indians talk of them; but they were as yet subjects of very rude surmise to the whites. An island in front, known as Captoener, (Captina,) at length came into view, some twenty miles below the Wheeling, and to this the attention of the men forward appeared to be directed with an interest much greater than usual. A sign called Butler to several of the traders who were leaning over the side with inquiring looks. After a moment's observation, he spoke a few words with them, and returned, saying:

"They couldn't make him out, but I have so often fallen in with the old fellow, that I can tell him a mile off!"

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Marie, rather hastily.

"A good-natured old red-skin, belongin' to the Dela-



ware stock. They call him Bald Eagle. He is always movin' about among the settlers, and is harmless enough now, though it is said he was once pretty rough company for them that crossed him. He's nigh the end of his scrimmagin,' an' maybe he has seen fit to mend his ways; but it's hard to see how any good can be squeezed in or out of the critturs."

The party turned in the direction pointed out by Butler, and saw at some distance a small canoe, with a single occupant, floating down with the current of the river. A glance sufficed to determine his claims to the Indian character, yet no one beside the speaker would have ventured to identify the individual upon so distant a view.

At length Butler himself seemed at a loss about something that he saw, and, as though reasoning with himself, he said, in an undertone:

"But what does the varmint mean by lettin' his canoe wabble about after that fashion? His oars are good enough, and there he swings, takin' no more notice of us than if he was t'other side of the Great Bend. He can't be drunk, for the old fox never trusts himself with liquor away from home: and what an almighty dumb of red paint paint he's stuck on his"—

What more this soliloquy might have led to is uncertain, as it was interrupted by a faint cry from Marie. She had from time to time cast a glance toward the "convert," who kept his place in the middle of the boat. When the name of Bald Eagle was pronounced by Butler, the Indian rose from among the bales, and approached the right side of the Flat-bottom, where he stood scrutinizing the solitary voyager. As the Ranger uttered his remark upon what struck him as a curious freak in the way of painting, she had seen the Indian start, and with an involuntary movement, half unsheath a knife from its concealment within a fold of his dress, while his face indicated a fearful excitement. Taking advantage of the surprise occasioned by Marie's exclamation, he repressed the signs of emotion, and stalking towards the group prevented any reply on her part to the inquiries of her companions, by saying,



with a sweep of his hand toward the canoe, and a significant gesture about his head.

“Long-knife paint!”

The Ranger started, and looking carefully at the canoe, seemed to understand the full meaning of this short remark, and said seriously to Colonel Victor:

“He speaks truth—well! this is an onhandsome trick!”

“What is it—there’s something wrong yonder?” inquired Colonel Victor.

“Why,” said Butler, with symptoms of vexation, “some miserable, cowardly whelp has fallen on the old man, and scalped him and set him afloat; it is a dirty business! If there ever was a harmless crittur he was the one; and, Lord knows, I’m no friend of theirs, but I’ll say this for him that he was too good to be sarved so for nothin’!”

The barbarity evinced in the murder of the inoffensive chief, whose corpse had been in mockery sent out upon the waters, to bear to his own people the tale of wanton cruelty, found not an advocate amongst the most callous of the borderers. Bald Eagle had won the good opinion of all with whom he had personal intercourse, and his name had become familiar with the settlers, as that of one who seemed a favorable exception to the mass of the savages; and he found a ready welcome wherever he went. The indiscretion which had induced a disposition of the corpse, at once so dangerous and so useless, provoked the anger of those who felt least the criminality of the murder. So gross, even in that day of outrages, did this particular instance appear, that it was one of the chief motives assigned for the bloody ravages which, not long afterward, made desolate the cabins of so many settlers near the Ohio.

But the boat was nearing the unfortunate victim, and it was necessary to determine promptly what course to take with reference to the body. To allow it to drift on, was to incur the risk of incensing the neighboring tribes to whom it must shortly become known. After various sug-



gations, it was concluded to take the canoe in tow, and run into the first favorable piece of shore on the southern side, where it could be buried. The crew immediately began the execution of this plan; and when the heavy y of the Flat-bottom was recovered, the canoe was dragging close alongside.

It was now time for the mid-day meal, which had been deferred by the foregoing occurrences. Colonel Victor, Marie, and the Surveyor, with Butler, who had been requested to join them, retired into the cabin. Marie had no appetite, after the disgusting sight she had just witnessed, and for her sake Colonel Victor strove to give a cheerful aspect to affairs. The surveyor would have sustained him, but in his eagerness rather overshot the line of probabilities, and it was evident to the depressed girl that the conversation was a little strained on their part. Butler was always so cautious in his opinions of the movements of the Indians, that Marie longed to hear from him some cheering expression; and in this she was not disappointed. He stated the circumstances which influenced him to believe that the corpse was as yet not discovered, and he was about relating an anecdote from his personal experience, illustrative of his reasoning, when a quick yell arose from the northern shore, sounding with startling clearness upon the ears of the party. All sprang instinctively from the table, and Butler stepped through the doorway, followed by Colonel Victor and Fenton. The traders and settlers were seen on the right of the boat manifesting the confusion of a disagreeable surprise.

"The game's up for this time!" said Long Jake, with a peculiar laugh; "the canoe got loose somehow; and while we were eating, and the men at the oars were looking ahead, she drifted away from us and set in behind the point of the island there; and we got the last look of her when that screeching imp gave tongue."

This explanation seemed not to satisfy Butler, who fixed a searching eye upon the Indian, who was standing near him with great apparent composure. But the evil was too late for remedy—the canoe had been drawn into



the current of a narrow channel which swept around the northernmost of two small islands lying below the one near which Bald Eagle had first been seen. To attempt to regain the body was evidently an experiment of too dubious a nature to be justified by any benefit to be derived from its possession, now that it had been seen from the shore.

The reader must not be astonished at the perseverance which again urged on their course; the company collected in the large boat. In these days of quiet and security, we cannot readily conceive the temper of the men who faced the dangers of our frontiers before the dominion of the whites was firmly settled. It was not uncommon that a family were massacred in the most revolting manner, and yet, within a few miles, other families continued to reside for weeks afterwards; some of the members keeping guard while the others pursued the usual occupations of house or field. To arrest the progress of a band of such as were in the Flat-bottom, would have required the presence of perils so great as to render a prosecution of their journey worse than foolhardiness. Maud was now compelled to submit to the majority. Summoned from Philadelphia to meet her uncle, she was acquiring her first practical lessons respecting the Indian country; and thus far they had been anything but agreeable. Yet the rapid succession of untoward incidents which had hitherto characterized her voyage, was producing a submissive state of mind, which, if it deserves not the name of fortitude, affords at least some of its advantages. Colonel Victor and Ponton embraced every suitable opportunity to relate anecdotes of successful travel, and to dwell on the beauties of the river. The height of the water enabled them to see many parts of the neighboring country, which, later in the year, when the depth is less by many feet, would have been entirely hidden by the banks. And it must be a perverse grief which refuses to yield in any degree to the influence of such scenery as is everywhere presented along the Ohio. The very wildness of its solitude—the majestic sweeping of the stream—here, overhung by a dark brooded



cliff, and there winding through a rich bottom, and at short intervals breaking away to wander among islands richly covered with the brightest herbage—cannot fail to fix the attention. Sometimes the hills are broken by deep glens, apparently untrodden by human foot, through which the pure waters of a rivulet or creek come playing into the river. Teeming alluvious, where the hills sweep far inland, alternate with towering bluffs at the water edge, and everywhere the foliage is of the most happy mingling. The islands, mostly wooded, and draped with wild vines, seemed to Marie to spring up by magic as the boat turned the bends of the river. Flocks of ducks and geese, alarmed by the splashing of the oars, rustled from the bright element on which they were floating, and sailed away to find a more secure resting-place; and from time to time the spring of a startled deer drew from her exclamations of delight as he gracefully leaped up a rocky bank, or fled into the cover of the forest. The mild temperature of the atmosphere—the clear blue of the sky—the sunlight which played upon the fresh green of spring time—completed the enchantment of the prospect, which amply justified the name of “beautiful river” (Ojib) given to it by the Iroquois.

The day closed without any further interruption of the quiet of the party. After the evening meal, Colonel Victor spent an hour in conversation with his niece upon the home to which she was going, and in retrospect of the virtues of her deceased mother. Deprived of her within a short period, Marie was keenly sensitive to the subject of her death; and when her uncle left her to overlook the arrangements for the night, she gave herself up to the most tender images. Easily affected by external things, she was often led into gaiety of spirit; but at times like this, her heart was oppressed with the idea of her loss, and her tears flowed freely to the memory of her departed parent.

Another day glided by, during which the travelers passed through the well-known Long Reach, and saw the mouth of Mu-kingum, or Elk's Eye, as the name imports,



and as evening drew on, they came in view of the island since celebrated as the retreat of the unfortunate Blennerhasset, which was even at that period noted amongst the fairest of the hundred isles of the Ohio. The charms of the moonlight which calmly succeeded, kept Marie in the open air long after her accustomed hour. Mellow rays were flooding the forest-browed hills, and the waters, as far as sight could reach, were sparkling with brilliant night-gems, while at the sides, and in the distance in front, shadowy outlines of mountain and vale gave a mysterious softness to the ever-changing scene. How sweet, too, the silence and loneliness, to a mind busy with its own musings! And Marie was sounding depths in her spirit which had hitherto remained unexplored: the sympathies of her nature were unfolding themselves in a manner as agreeable as it was new; and she yielded herself to the current of her fancies without caring to analyze very closely their ingredients. Admonished at length by her uncle, she withdrew into the cabin, leaving him in converse with the Ranger, whose experience in the woods, and whose readiness and frankness had won the confidence of the veteran officer.

"Well, Mr. Butler," he observed, in a low voice, as he resumed a thread which had been dropped for the purpose of warning Marie to retire, "it may be as you say; and my own intercourse with the tribes has not prepossessed me much in their favor, yet these missionaries seem like honest men; I met several of them at Pittsburg, and their behavior there was in every respect proper. It is possible that their influence over at least some of the savages will be beneficial. Our reverend fathers, who exposed themselves to so much suffering in this country, were very often successful, and I doubt not prevented many frightful projects."

"Colonel, you think so—your religion is the same as theirs, and I don't want to hurt any man's feelings; but if you'd hear what the folks say where I came from, you wouldn't give much for the good name of a Papist missionary."



“Ah! where is that, Mr. Butler? I do not think I have heard you speak before of the quarter from which you emigrated.”

The Ranger shifted his position, evidently annoyed by the allusion he had made to his former residence; and he endeavored to get rid of the subject by saying:

“Why, Colonel, I don’t mean to fix it in one place—ask any man who fought on our side in the war, and you’ll hear enough of it. But,” he continued, reverting to the former topic, “as to these missionaries, they may be honest enough—which I ain’t quite sure of—but there’s no trusting these half-and-half redskins. What’s bred in the bone, you know, Colonel—and, besides, they are too handy as news-carriers to be safe. I do believe they’ve many a time shammed the *neutral*, just to be spies on the frontier. They’ve managed to hook two or three of the head chiefs along the Allegheny and Beaver, and I’ve heard that they have lately got a real devil of a fighter up here, at the forks of Muskingum; but this is the very thing that makes me dubious. Your squaws and cubs that ain’t fit to be trusted with more than a bow and arrows, might be turned round, but as for a right fighter”—said the Ranger, shaking his head—“it’s a little too much to swallow!”

“If your views are such,” said Colonel Victor, “how is it that you so easily consented to suffer this convert to join us at the Wheeling?”

“He’s only one man, Colonel; and the first onfirmness he shows will make a hole in his head. I’ve kept my eye on him. I was afraid at first, on account of your niece, that the men would get up a fight, but they had cooled off, and was rayther more willin’ to be easy with the savage than if they hadn’t got their sport the night afore. That business of the canoe gettin’ loose did make me suspect him, for I seed them fastenin’s with my own eyes—I’ll just look over the pile there, and make sure of what he’s about.”

The Ranger, whose position was toward the head of the



boat, stepped back and looked over some of the freight near the cabin, and returning, said :

"I see his fixin's curled up in the holler—I s'pose he's dreamin' of the sculps he dried afore he hung out the Moravian flag—some of his stock have showed a decent face now and then. I've camped down here where old Key-shooter (*Kiashuta*) treated Colonel Washington to a buffalo, t'other side of the big Hockin'—maybe three or four years ago—when he was out lookin' after land. He was with him when he was sent up to see the Frenchers above the fork, afore Braddock was licked for knowin' too much, as I've heard. The Colonel didn't like the way the settlin' was goin' on along the river—so some of 'em has told me. But there's a bend, Colonel Victor—if a dark night a boat might get aground without much trouble, and here these fellows are snorin' as if there was no such thing as hard scil to be had. You can't persuade 'em to change hands, and keep the oars a goin'. They *will* give up to the current about sundown. I've been along here when not a soul was stirrin' but me and the man at the steerin' oar; and these places looked awful still, but when a man's got in his own breast a"—stopping in the midst of his sentence, the Ranger turned partly away, and his features were for a moment convulsed; yet, habitual command over himself, in the presence of others, enabled him to smother the feeling which had risen, and he was about to make some trivial remark, when his eye caught the prospect in front of the boat, and he quickly called out :

"You, Watson—are you drunk or asleep? open your eyes and sheer off, or we'll be on the island."

A slight change for the better in the heading of the Flat-bottom followed the exclamation; but in a minute afterwards, as though the steering oar was violently and repeatedly urged, the boat turned several degrees to the left, and Butler, with an oath, sprung towards the cabin passage.

The little apartment into which Marie had withdrawn at the suggestion of her uncle, had been boarded off for her especial accommodation, and it was furnished with more



conveniences than were usual on the Ohio. Throwing herself upon a chair, she looked out through an opening at the side which had been cut for a window, and while she watched the flitting landscapes, pursued the train of ideas which had been interrupted by Colonel Victor. It need not surprise us that one in particular of her companions from Pittsburg, found a permanent place in her reveries. She had made the acquaintance of Fenton more than a week before setting out from the Fork, and his attentions had been so unremitted and so kind! He was so respectfully careful whenever anything occurred with which her comfort was likely to be connected. And when he talked with her, was so earnest—and his manner so subdued, compared with that which he exhibited to others. And she had so often detected him gazing on her when they were in different parts of the boat—and when near her, his eyes—ah! Marie, those looks! it is, indeed, no wonder that thy maiden heart found it not difficult to dwell on things like these. He was, too, so frank and fearless—and his figure was so fine, and, in short, there were so many items in the account, that Marie forgot how the time passed while she was engaged in running them over. A low, dull sound met her ear, which appeared to come from the space aft the cabin, and was like the rubbing of the steering-ear when worked to clear the boat of a point or island. She went to the window and cast a look through it, and then stepping to the back of her apartment, pushed aside a sliding shutter which had been fitted there. Instead of the usual occupant of the platform which we have mentioned, when describing the boat, she saw a stout savage, nearly naked, urging, with both hands, the long oar—his eyes fixed anxiously over his left shoulder, and between his teeth was compressed a knife! Speechless and fainting, Marie sank upon the floor, and it was at this moment that the Ranger, as we have related, was hastening to ascertain the cause of the strange movements in that quarter. Marie heard his rapid tread—then a heavy splash in the water, and disturbed voice calling out:



"Rouse the men, Colonel! treachery—a rifle—for God's sake, quick!"

Colonel Victor was already engaged in awakening some of the crew, as he had perceived the situation of the boat to be such as required prompt action. Snatching a couple of guns from a place where the rifles had, for convenience, been collected on the approach of night, he hurried to the Ranger, whose judgment getting the better of his wrath at what he had seen, had prompted him to seize the helm!

The fact was that he had not looked closely enough at what he took for the form of the supposed convert. That individual had profited by the sleep of the crew, and the abstraction of the Colonel and Butler, to dispose of his garments in such a manner as to resemble a human figure lying with the limbs drawn up and the head covered; and he had stealthily crept along the shadowed part of the boat to the back of the cabin, where, watching a suitable moment, he plunged his knife with good aim into the heart of Watson, covering his mouth to prevent exclamation. Then seizing the oar, he gave those vigorous impulses which brought Butler to the place.

The peril of the boat will be at once appreciated by the reader, when he understands the details of the locality in which she was floating. She had been kept considerably within (i. e. to the left of) the middle line of the river, and had reached a point where the main land runs out into a broad and rounded promontory, around which the stream sweeps southward by a sudden bend. Just beyond the turn was an island lying near the Virginia shore, a strong current setting in between the two. The boat had been so guided, that unless she were instantly brought about and good way obtained, she must run on the head of the island. In the fresh seasons, the floating timber and brush, then much more abundant than at the present day, were thrown up against the upper end of the island, and rendered it difficult for a boat crew engaged to be set adrift, the only arrangements of the crew being augmented by the force of the stream. At the period of



our tale, it was hazardous to approach at night very near to either shore of the Ohio, as the hostile feeling of the Indians had reached a pitch more threatening than the whites had yet been taught to believe, and experience had shown the feasibility of an attack from either bank. Butler, who was at first impressed solely by the situation of the boat, as respected her grounding, was now roused to all the possibilities against which his mode of life had taught him to guard, and he could not avoid the conclusion that more was designed by the treacherous savage who had just escaped, than the simple destruction of the Flat-bottom. Leaving the helm in charge of one of the crew, he busied himself in such preparations as the exigency of the case demanded, being aided by Colonel Victor, the surveyor, and some of the traders. Others joined the crew, but it was soon evident that they were settling toward the island, notwithstanding their most strenuous exertions. The unwieldiness of the boat, and the unfavorable circumstances in which the efforts of the men were applied, were obstacles to every plan devised by the commander. They succeeded in passing the extreme point of the island, but, unfortunately, its outer side was rounded so as to meet the Flat-bottom as she was sailing toward the main channel, and, still advanced by the current, a corner of her bow struck upon a ledge of earth. At this moment, when the greatest confusion and eagerness prevailed, a rifle cracked from the thick undergrowth on the bank, and almost simultaneously there broke out, seemingly, a thousand yells. Shot after shot was poured into the boat, and upon the first answering discharge, a band of dark forms, fearfully disfigured with war-paint and trappings, rushed out like a swarm upon the whites. The cheering cries of Colonel Victor and Fenton were now mingled with the savage whoop, the oaths of the traders and settlers, and the report of fire-arms. Various attempts were made by the Indians to spring over the side, and finish the engagement hand to hand; but they were baffled by the hardihood and experience of their antagonists. Many had fallen, and the numerical superiority of the



enemy was becoming every moment of more consequence. Meanwhile the boat, held by the corner which had struck, was swung round by the stream, and while the engagement was at its height, fell broadside against the island, thus throwing open her whole length to the efforts at boarding from the shore. A general rush took place, during which a number of warriors obtained footing inside—the diversion thus occasioned opened a more easy passage to others, so that the contest was soon man to man within the narrow limits of the Flat-bottom.

And where was Marie, while these horrid scenes were enacting? Recovering somewhat from the total prostration into which she had been thrown by the sight of the traitor, as we have related, she stood for a few minutes with a throbbing heart, listening intently to the sounds which followed in front of the cabin. Colonel Victor had spoken through the opening a few words of encouragement as he hastened to the task of arming and stationing the men; Fenton's voice had been recognized as he hurriedly bade her take courage, as all would be safe; but the risk was too imminent, and the excitement too high to allow of any discourse. When the arrangements were completed, and as many of the crew and passengers as could be with advantage employed, were engaged in the effort to secure the boat, the Colonel, to whom had been ceded the military command, and who would not forsake his post at such a crisis, requested Fenton to step into his niece and reassure her as much as the case admitted, a duty which was promptly undertaken by the surveyor.

"My uncle!" exclaimed Marie, as soon as she saw Fenton, "where is Colonel Victor? What has happened?"

"Pray compose yourself, Miss Dival; the villainous savage has tried to run us aground—that is all. He has escaped, and the crew are laboring hard at the oars, so that there is no cause for alarm. We shall clear the island directly, and"—

Here a heavy shock threw Marie forward, and Fenton, whose footing was more steady, caught her as she was



falling, when the rifle shot and the stunning whoops from the thicket, cut short the conference. The surveyor hurriedly assisted Marie to a seat on the floor, as most out of the way of danger, and pressing her hand, sprang out among the combatants. On her knees, clasping with both hands the crucifix which she wore about her neck, she heard the uproar of the fight, on the issue of which must depend her own freedom, or her captivity amongst the people so dreaded by her. But the cheers of her defenders evidently became weaker—the sounds of contest were closing more and more upon the cabin—and now they seemed like the speechless strivings of men in the last turn of a desperate struggle. Suddenly the door of the cabin was burst open, and Colonel Victor and the surveyor appeared, with a few warriors, who were endeavoring to obtain footing in the place against the resistance of the uncle and his brave supporter. Marie saw the foremost of the assailants, a bold and active warrior, aiming a deadly blow at the head of her protector—her brain whirled, and she was barely conscious of a rude hand grasping her hair, and the flash of steel before her eyes, when she became wholly insensible.

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### CHAPTER III.

On the northern side of a plain, adjacent to a branch of Paint Creek, or River, (one of the tributaries of the Snake) formerly stood a large Indian town. Many of the houses composing it were constructed with more regularity and durability than we are accustomed to conceive in our notions of Indian dwellings; some of them were strengthened by logs—others were formed by setting up at the intended corners stout forks, in the crevices of which were laid stiff poles, and cross-pieces being added, the bark of trees was placed against the framing and fastened with poles and withes on the outside. The roofing was of bark, or a thatching of brush. The size and position of these dwellings were as various as the taste and resources



of the owners; here, as in more civilized towns, a diversity of fortune manifested itself in the houses of the inhabitants. One of the buildings, from its great extent and peculiarity of structure, was evidently preserved for some purpose of higher importance than individual residence. It covered a space of more than one hundred feet in length, and sixty in breadth, and was constructed of split poles, to which bark was attached in the manner above mentioned. Its location was in the middle of the town, the private lodges being scattered around it without any attempt at preserving the order of streets. This was Chillicothe, the chief settlement of the Shawano tribe. The reader must be careful not to confound it with a town of the same name on a branch of the Little Miami. He may be easily led into error, as there was no less than four Indian towns of that name, of which the one on the branch of Little Miami has become most generally known through the perilous adventures of Boone and his companions, a few years later. But the Chillicothe which was the chief seat of the Shawanos at the time of which we are writing, was on the fork of Paint River, a branch of the Scioto; and it continued to be the head council-place, until after the battle of Point-Pleasant.

The open space, or plain, at one side of which the town was built, was cultivated as the cornfield of the inhabitants, who relied for their sustenance upon agriculture, as well as upon hunting, trapping or fishing. Northward were the remains of an ancient fortification, one of those relics of an extinct people, to which reference has already been made.

In the interior of a house, of what we may style the better class, a partition had been fixed, dividing it into two apartments, each of which might measure some twenty feet square. The furniture of these was in keeping with the habits of the principal occupants. Beds made of small bundles of long grass, skillfully tied together, and covered with buffalo or bear skins — dresses of deer-skin, decorated with beads and quills, hanging about the sides of the rooms — implements of the chase, or for fishing — ruts



cooking utensils—strips of jerked meat—stores of maple sugar, etc., all of which were placed without any other arrangement than that suggested by momentary convenience. An aperture in the middle of the roof afforded egress for smoke, when fire was used within the dwelling.

At the back end of the inner apartment, upon a bed such as we have mentioned, which seemed to have been arranged with more minute attention to the ease of the occupant than was usual in an Indian hut, lay a venerable-looking man, apparently in the last stage of life. His silvery hair told that his course had been prolonged beyond the average of human existence, and the air of composure and manly resignation pervading his posture and countenance, bore witness that the career about to close had not been marked by any signal deviation from the dictates of virtue. Kneeling by his side, with one hand of the dying clasped convulsively in both of hers, was a female, whose dress partook more of Indian than of any European costume, but whose pallid hue and delicate features disclosed the sameness of her race with that of the individual in whose fate she seemed so deeply interested. At a little distance, gazing with evident sympathy on her weeping companion, stood another female of darker skin, and whose exterior in other respects evinced a closer resemblance to the daughters of the forest. Some moments elapsed in silence, interrupted only by broken sobs. At length the sick man said, with an effort:

“My dear Marie, I have done what my remaining strength permits to console you for the loss you are about to sustain. If it had pleased God to allow me to watch over you a little longer—but His will be done. We have been long enough here for me to see that your safety is cared for by the chief; and my trust is strong that before many weeks you will be suffered to return from the settlements. For myself, I have nothing to desire here but the presence of some one who could administer the last consolations of our holy religion. Yet I trust that the Divine Mercy will not be withdrawn from my final hour. I feel



grateful that while at Pittsburg I received the blessed eucharist from the hands of pious Father Vertot; and now I love to rec'd his precious words. But, Marie, you will see that nothing be neglected which can be done for my final repose."

A violent burst of sorrow was all the answer that could be returned to this affecting request.

"Marie"—resumed the speaker, his words becoming fainter and more broken—"I am going—kiss me once more—Blessed Mary! watch over her—intercede for her!"—the voice failed—a whispered prayer ascended, and as the crucifix fell from the lips to which it had been pressed, the spirit of the suppliant passed away from its earthly abode. Throwing herself upon the inanimate form of her uncle, Marie wept with a violence which soon exhausted her remaining strength; and when the Indian, amazed at the continued prostration of the mourner, approached the bed, she found Marie utterly insensible.

After the attack upon the Flat-bottom, Colonel Victor and his niece were reserved from the slaughter as captives, whose importance promised to be of advantage at some future day. A few authoritative words from the chief stayed, at the last moment, the threatened stroke.

The survivor, whose superiority over the majority of the company, as well as his closer adherence to Colonel Victor, rendered it probable that he was nearly allied to the officer, was also taken prisoner. A portion of the warriors were left to pillage the boat, and the others, headed by the chief, began as soon as practicable, their journey to the town, with which the reader has already been made acquainted. Nearly a week was consumed in the march, which was slow and painful. The wounds received by Colonel Victor and Fen-ton, made it impossible for them to walk; but although it was unusual with the Indians to carry off wounded prisoners, yet these were conveyed on litters hastily constructed for the occasion. The greater part of the distance was traveled by Marie on foot. The energy and perseverance manifested by her in circumstances so trying, were so little in conformity with the feelings exhibited on the voyage from



that both her uncle and Fenton were surprised and impressed with increased regard. Grateful to the latter for his brave efforts in her behalf, the attentions of Marie to him were assiduous throughout the journey. Colonel Victor was at first stunned by the heavy blow which he had sustained in the person of his niece, and a day or two passed over before he could in any degree recover from his disappointment and self-reproach. The consolations—the cheerful arrangements—the concealment of her own trials, which were kept up by Marie gradually wrought upon her uncle; and the surveyor's admiration of her was every day heightened. Companionship in misfortune brought them into nearer communion, and many were the free interchanges of feeling which were indulged in by the way, so that, on the arrival at Chillicothe, it would not have been easy to define the limits of their mutual regard. The authority of the chief, (an Indian of more than ordinary humanity,) secured a quiet entrance to the party, and a comfortable location for Colonel Victor and Marie was provided in the dwelling which has been described to the reader. The surveyor, however, was separated from them immediately upon their arrival; and in the course of a few days was taken to the upper towns on Sandusky.

The wounds of Colonel Victor, which were very severe, and had been exasperated by the fatigues of his journey, now wholly prostrated him; and Marie was occupied for some time in unremitting attendance upon him. The warrior, in whose lodge the captives were quartered, was absent, but his wife, who has been mentioned, proved a kind hostess. A few words of English opened the way to a limited intercourse between her and Marie. Female captives have generally been treated with moderation—often with great indulgence by the most savage of the Indian tribes; and in this instance, youth and a good disposition concurred with common usage in *Wabatha* (the Swan.) She had learned that her husband was a distinguished personage; and his name, *Kishkolua*, was frequently pronounced by her. Upon his return, he was everywhere most respectfully greeted; his reception by *Wabatha* was marked by all the indications of



warm and confiding affection, which domestic custom permitted her to exhibit. He was one of seven brothers, all of them noted Shawano braves; and he had reached, apparently, the age of twenty-eight or thirty years. Finely formed, his carriage was erect and commanding, and his features wore an expression rather of firmness than of cruelty. But when he entered the room of his guests, Maria felt a thrill of terror which drove the blood to her heart; for she recognized in Kishkalwa the pretended convert, to whose arts the loss of the Flat-bottom was to be attributed.

Forseeing the approaching hostilities with the whites, this warrior resolved to strike while the Long-Knives (as the Virginians were called) were asleep. It was a common occurrence for Indians and traders to travel together by land and water; and, at the very time when his plan was contrived, a few red men were guiding a number of traders from the towns on Scioto to the settlements in Pennsylvania. It was arranged, therefore, that a large party should be stationed on the southern shore of the river, and on the island, and that Kishkalwa should take upon himself the entrapping of the intended victims, whose descent were expected. His bare presence in the boat would tend to prevent suspicion of any general design upon the neighboring whites; and circumstances might enable him to drive the prey into the toils which were to be spread by his tribe.

If the island should be passed, the warriors on the shore of the first rapids below, were instructed in what manner to proceed. An enterprise of this nature was even less hazardous than many which he had already undertaken. Yet a youth, he had hunted alone on the "dark and bloody ground"—that field of strife and stratagem for the Ohio natives, and their southern adversaries. Tracked by eager enemies, he had escaped with the loss of his garment; but unable to endure the idea of this seeming dishonor, in a few days he had set off, unnoticed, to the Kentucky forests, and avenged by several scalps the disgrace of his previous misadventure. Alone he had crept to the lodges of the Cherokees, and brought back more than once those trophies of successful daring, which



had crowned his opening manhood with unusual honors.

Marie's fears, however, soon found a new motive. Instead of the vindictive temper which had been her first apprehension, she was surprised to meet even with tenderness of manner on the part of the brave. The time which he spent with her grew every day longer, and his provision for her comfort, and that of her uncle, was more marked by evidences of peculiar regard for herself. A horrid suspicion took possession of her mind, and the dread of what might happen to her from this source mingled with the emotions which had so shaken her spirit at the dying-bed of her uncle. Unwilling to disturb his last moments by the suggestion of prospective evils, against which it was too late for him to interpose, she suffered him to yield to the hope inspired by the generous conduct of the principal chief. Now that the death of Colonel Victor had left her alone in the hands of Kishkalwa, her fears increased ten-fold. Shrinking from his society, yet not daring to manifest her repugnance, every day renewed the struggle in her breast. The sleeplessness of her nights, added to the wearying excitements of each day, produced an obvious change in her health. Long after the other inmates of the lodge were in repose, she would kneel by the side of the room in which her uncle had last breathed his alien, and in the silence of night, seek, according to the faith in which she had been nurtured, the aid of those sainted spirits whom she had been taught to supplicate as **guardians of human infirmity.**

One night, while she was thus employed, her attention was drawn to a slight sound repeated at short intervals close by her side. It was soon apparent that some one was endeavoring to force an opening in the bark which constituted the wall of the lodge. The mode of proceeding adopted was so cautious, that it flashed upon Marie's mind, alive as she was to every possibility affecting her captivity, that there might be a message for her, which could not be safely delivered while the inhabitants of the town were awake. Withdrawing a little way from the spot, she eagerly watched, by the faint light of the moon,



the progress of the mysterious attempt. Presently the bark moved and was displaced sufficiently to admit a hand, and the breathless girl could see that it was white! The opening was still further enlarged, and a face was visible, peering into the lodge. The owner was soon satisfied with his examination, for almost immediately he said, in a whisper:

"Miss Duval!"

"Fenton!" exclaimed Marie, springing to the aperture, and hurriedly adding, "Is it indeed you?"

"For Heaven's sake be careful!" said the surveyor; "how have you been? I am so happy in finding you! and is Colonel Victor here?"

This sudden allusion was more than Marie could well bear. With difficulty she acquainted Fenton with the recent death of her uncle—her desolate condition—and her fear that Kishkalwa would interfere to prevent her release. The surveyor's rage was so extreme when he had obtained, through the hints of the speaker, a glimpse of the state of affairs as respected the *brave*, that his prudence was nearly forgotten.

"Marie," said he, for the first time calling her by her Christian name—"I escaped from the bloody wretches up at Sanlucky, and have lain in the woods, and worked my way here to free you or to die for you. I could have reached the Ohio, but the thought of you held me back, and I came to see whether I could assist you and the Colonel—God bless him!—to make off. What can you do? After what you have told me, I cannot leave you to seek aid. I will risk everything to release you. No harm can befall yourself, for at the most they will only bring you back, and as for me, anything is better than to leave you. The journey here you bore wonderfully; and surely, with the prospect of the settlements, your strength will hold on. Let us go, then! The moon will be down, presently, and I will boss a enough of this bark to let you two go—never while I will conceal myself as I did before, and when you hear three taps on the outside, answer by three, and be ready to set off."



Marie was not long in giving her consent to the proposal of Fenton. The flutter of her spirits, indeed, scarcely left her command of herself; yet she remembered well that her hand had been extended to the surveyor, and that a pressure and a kiss had had sent a glow to her forehead, ere the bark was restored to its place.

It was Fenton's design to put himself cautiously out of the way, as well of any dogs which might be prowling about the town, as of the human beings whom they guarded. He had not proceeded far, when he had felt a hand upon his shoulder, and turning quickly, in the surprise of the moment, he was confronted by Kishkalwa! A stout blow from Fenton sent the savage staggering backward; but before any advantage could be taken of this, the surveyor found himself in the grasp of several athletic men, who passed bands about his arms, and effectually secured him in spite of his desperate attempts at resistance.

Kishkalwa had been hunting the day before, and had discovered the surveyor's trail, which he followed until foiled by a stratagem which had been resorted to at a stream whose led and banks for some distance favored concealment. Lying by for many hours in a small crevice of rock, buried in leaves of the preceding autumn, Fenton had avoided the extension of his track beyond the place where he had covered it; and it so happened that a party despatched in his pursuit passed beyond the ground before he quitted his cover. The trail was evidently that of a white man, and its direction when seen, being toward the Ohio, it was presumed that a captive from the upper towns had escaped. No one dreamed of looking for him within gunshot of the chief council-house of his enemies; yet thus he actually lay for an hour before he ventured to seek the object of his visit. Their residence he had learned before being carried from Chillicothe, and Marie's prayers had assured him of the portion of the hut which she was occupying.

The sagacity and untiring watchfulness of the Indians have at times approached the miracles; yet at others, the success of single-handed attempts upon villages would



have put to blush a sentinel of a regular militia encampment amongst the whites. Now following the trail of an enemy by the slightest displacement of twig or herbage, and even distinguishing the moccasin-print of a particular tribe, and now murdered in his sleep in the midst of friends, by a single adventurer, the Indian has been a source of amazement to all those who have pursued to any length the study of his habits. Fenton was not without experience in border craft; and the motives, under the stimulus of which he was acting, called into play every faculty of his mind. Kishkulwa was returning to his lodge from an unsuccessful day's hunt, which had led him far from the town, and he had reached his own door, when the voice of Fenton, whose anger had caused a louder tone than was safe in the circumstances, reached his ears. The strange trail was now explained; and in order to prevent the retreat of the rash visitor, the brave crept to two or three of the neighboring lodges, and procured the aid of the party by whose agency the survivor was again made a prisoner. His capture was so promptly and silently effected that Maria heard it not. Seating herself near the place at which his egress was to be made, she endeavored to collect her thoughts, and strengthen her resolution for what might be her last opportunity. The time seemed very long—her impatience grew more unmanageable: finally came doubts of the safety of Fenton, but the bare idea of failure was insupportable. Still he came not, and hour after hour did the distracted watcher sit listening to every faint sound which might herald his approach. The increase of light in her apartment at length brought the dreadful conviction that the day had dawned! and she threw herself in utter despair upon her couch.

The abatement of spirit naturally consequent upon so great a disappointment was still apparent in the attitude and countenance of Maria, when Kishkulwa, toward noon, entered her presence. He had less assurance of manner than might have been expected after the events of the night; and he obviously labored under some emotion more



powerful than he would have been willing to acknowledge to himself. Like many of his nation, he had acquired a considerable stock of English words, which sufficed for ordinary occasions. Indeed, the extensive intercourse carried on with traders and others, had diffused a knowledge of our language much more extensively than is at this day commonly believed. The brave opened his address with inquiries after the health of the prisoner. His expressions were simple and entirely free from that affectation of poetry which some persons would have us believe is the unvaried style of Indian colloquies. Unaccustomed as were the forest tribes to continued abstract thought, deriving their ideas chiefly from the course of external nature, and being (as are all barbarous people,) of active fancy, their speech abounded with images drawn from the physical world: their similes, their illustrations, had the vividness which always results from an imaginative phraseology. Yet, withal, their discourse on common matters was plain—often rude and ungraceful. On solemn occasions—in important councils, an effort was avowedly made at rhetorical display; but whoever receives the orations of national “speech makers” as specimens of Indian style, will be sadly shocked when he comes to peruse authentic reports of less stately dialogue. We premise thus much, lest the reader should be induced by the baldness of our narrative in this respect, to try our fidelity as chroniclers by the standard to which we have adverted.

“Young Long-knife good eyes—good *here*—(the speaker striking his breast)—tongue, too much.”

“You will not hurt him?” anxiously interposed Marie; “he meant you no harm by coming here—it was to see me—what have you done with him?”

Kis'ikalwa fastened a stern gaze upon the eager countenance of his companion, and his brow lowered as he replied:

“Brave no care for hurt—big fire, big heart. White-hair” (pointing to the place where Colonel Victor had lain) “no make so for hurt;” here the warrior contemptuously



snapped his thumb and fingers. After a pause, he asked, inquiringly:

"Young Long-knife got squaw?"\* Receiving no answer, he continued:

"Marie"—the name had become familiar through the French priests—"Marie, good face—good squaw"—(again pointing to the scene of her devoted attention to her uncle)—"Marie take brave—Kishikalwa brave—Shawano big chief—hunt much—plenty."

As the design of the visit gradually developed itself in the broken, but intelligible speech of the warrior, the affrighted object of it started to her feet, and exclaimed:

"Oh, yes, you are a brave, Kishikalwa! you have a good squaw! I am a poor, feeble girl—I cannot serve you. I have kindred in other places—you will let me go home! The Great Spirit will reward you—I am of a different people—I cannot be happy here. The chief will let me go—you are a great warrior, and I am a weak woman—you will not keep me?"

The energy of Marie's entreaty, which she strove to make intelligible to the unskilful ears of the Indian, was more manifest in her tones than in her words. Carried away by her fears, she fell on her knees before him, and clasped her hands in earnest persuasion. But Kishikalwa stood without the least appearance of a change of purpose. On the contrary, he renewed in various forms what he really considered an advantageous offer; and meeting at first with entreaties—then with frantic repulses, as his advances became more free, he at last said, ferociously:

"Young Long-knife want Marie! He die now—soon!"

It were vain to attempt a conception, much more a description, of the sufferings of the tortured Marie. The life of the only being whom she could call her friend—and the

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\* *Squaw*. This corruption of a Delaware word was current amongst all the tribes and was a kind of universal term for a woman to denote a woman to the whites. The true Shawano word was *Squaw*.



alternative! But Kishkalwa knew that he was exceeding the limits of his authority. The influence of the chief must be invoked to fix the doom of prisoners over whom he claimed the right of disposition as captor. Finding that his artifice had excited Marie to a degree which rendered conference impossible, the brave strode from the lodge, intending to resume his attack upon what he clearly saw was her weakest side.

From the stupor into which she fell, after the interview with the Indian, Marie was roused by feeling an arm thrown affectionately about her neck. Looking up, her eyes met those of Wabethe, still wet with tears. The wife had been an unobserved witness of the infidelity of Kishkalwa—had awaited in an agony of suspense the result of his proposal; and not daring to complain to any of her tribe of the caprice which threatened to reduce her to a secondary place in her husband's affection as well as in his lodge, she had borne in silence the unexpected blow. Prompted at length to see how Marie had been influenced, the unhappy woman stole into the apartment, and beheld an extremity of woe which at once assured her of the impossibility of consent on the part of the white girl. A feeling of gratitude was awakened for the resistance which had been made to the advances of the brave, and an instinct urged Wabethe to embrace her fellow-sufferer. Marie read in the sorrowful face of the wife that the bright dream of her maidenhood had been broken, and the two desolate ones, forgetting everything but their wretchedness, wept in each other's arms.

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## CHAPTER IV.

Several days elapsed without further annoyance on the part of Kishkalwa. Marie perceived that the surveillance over her movements had become more strict; but she was visited by the head chief of the town, and was reassured by the interest he manifested in her condition—an interest not



unusual with him, but so different from what she had expected in a Shawano warrior, that it lightened her cares, and led her to hope that in any extremity she would not be without the countenance of one able to afford protection.

Accompanied by Wabethe, she was accustomed to wander by the margin of the stream which skirted the plain of Chikichee; and while gazing on the placid waters, to indulge in melancholy musings on her situation. The loss of her uncle, so soon following that of her mother, rendered her reflections at times bitter in the extreme; and linked as her fate had been with that of Fenton, it was natural that he should often recur to her mind. That she would have loved him in any circumstances it would be rash to assert; yet it would have been difficult for any one, situated as she had been, to resist the claims which he offered to her esteem. The occurrence of his image, day after day, fixed deeply the many evidences of his regard for her, and perhaps the absence of any clear idea of a tenderer relation with him than that of friendship, opened her heart more fully to the influence of his looks and words. His recapture she could not avoid attributing to his desire for her own safety.

One bright afternoon she had extended her walk beyond its usual limit, and, invited by the beauty of the scenery, had thrown herself upon a grassy mound at the foot of an aged oak, where a continuation of the rising ground back of the town curved toward the stream, and a wooded slope formed a sort of boundary to the plain. Wabethe was near at hand, and at the distance of some rods was a little knot of Shawano girls, who made the neighborhood musical with their laughing voices. Marie was watching the rays of sunlight as they fell upon the foliage of the opposite shore, when a gentle rustling at the side of the mound next the wood caused her to turn her head toward that quarter. At full length, in the thick grass, lay what seemed the figure of an Indian; but, fortunately, the name, "Butter," pronounced in a whisper, caught her ear before the sudden appearance had occasioned any outcry. The well-known features of the Ranger were instantly recognized by her, in spite of his disguise. A glance toward Wabethe



showed that her own sources of unhappiness were occupying her too closely for her to have seen the involuntary movement of her companion, and the Ranger informed Marie, in a few words, that he was out as a spy for Lord Dunmore. He inquired the condition of the town—the number of warriors in it, and the state of feeling toward the whites, etc. Receiving such answers as Marie could furnish to his questions, Butler, having secured the most important of his objects, asked particularly after Colonel Victor and Fenton, and the manner in which the survivors were kept. When the savages poured into the Flat-bottom, as we have related, he fought like a tiger, until there remained no hope of success, and further continuance in the boat must result in his death or captivity. Familiar with such scenes, and habituated to avoid useless jeopardy in contests with an enemy from whom no indulgence could be expected, he watched a favorable moment—threw himself over the side, receiving in the act a heavy flesh wound, and, sinking under the water, swam to one end of the boat. Taking breath under her protecting frame, he resumed his efforts—managed to cross to the other side of the island—and was climbing the southern bank of the river, when the fight closed with the capture of Colonel Victor and his niece. Continuing his course, the remaining part of the night, and lying concealed during the daytime, he reached the Wheeling on the third day following. After resting a short period at a camp there, to recruit and dress his wound, he set off with a company for Pittsburg, where he received from the Governor of Virginia a fresh commission as spy and woodsman, an office of high importance on the frontier. Our travelers had not long left the Wheeling, when those unprovoked murders were committed by Greathouse and Cresap, which involved the family of the celebrated Mingo chief, Logan, and roused to revenge the entire mass of Indians north of the Ohio. The settlers, too late aware of the state of feeling, now at its height, prepared for the impending storm; and it was with reference to an expected expedition into the enemy's country, that Baker had been



sent out by the Governor. A single instance of capture by the savages would not, ordinarily, have left a lasting impression on the mind of the Ranger; but the openness and kindness of Marie toward him—his esteem for her gallant uncle, and a slight sense of indiscretion on his own part with respect to Kishkalwa, made him willing to join with his official plan one for the rescue of his late companions on the river, whose preservation he had learned from a friendly Delaware. With this view, he had brought out several woodsmen, who accompanied him as near the town as was prudent, and who, after taking such measures as their experience suggested for the concealment both of their trail and of their resting-place, were awaiting the return of their leader.

Possessed of the most material of these facts, Marie was was able to co-operate with the Ranger in a manner as gratifying as it was unlooked for by him. The unhappy Wabthe, whose prospect of regaining her place in the affection of the unfaithful Kishkalwa seemed hopeless while the cause of his aversion remained in his very lodge, had more than once openly signified her desire for the return of the pale-face to her own countrymen; and it was, therefore, most probable that her valuable assistance might be secured in the liberation not only of Marie herself, but also of Fenton. Acquainted with the creek, a mile or two above and below Chillicothe, within which space she had been permitted to exercise herself in company with females of the tribe, Marie could comprehend with facility the instructions of Butler.

The conference was hastened by a movement of Wabthe, when the approach of evening seemed to have announced of the necessity of her return with her charge; and as she rose for this purpose, the Ranger crept away toward a clump of underwood, which soon covered him from observation. Marie stepped toward the Indian, to divert her from the signs of her friend's visit.

"Marie, much talk!" said Wabthe, a slight tremor manifesting itself in her voice; "talk to Marie's uncle."

The color of her countenance rapidly varied from an



easiness at the inquiry, which was not lessened by the peculiar expression of the Shawano's face. Before a satisfactory reply could be framed, Wab-the added:

"All see—Shawano see everything!" then passing Marie, and stopping at the mound, she pointed to the newly-disturbed grass.

Terrified at the discovery, Marie was about appealing to the sympathies of the Swan, when the latter seized her arm, and struggling with herself, said:

"Too much squaw no good!—Marie go with *Shem-anese*," (Big-knife!) "Wabethe stay for Kishkalwa. Go now—night—every time—no stay!"

The warmth of the speaker increased while she proceeded, and the tears which rolled down her cheeks at the conclusion, were strong proofs of her heartfelt interest in the escape of her companion. To Marie's inquiries, whether flight could be accomplished with immediate detection, the Swan quickly answered:

"Shawano make go—to everything."

To go without Fenton, however, was the last idea which Marie could entertain; and it cost her no little persuasion to induce Wabethe to consent to make him a party to the attempt. At last the Indian said, as though she had found a reason powerful enough to overcome her reluctance:

"Ha! Marie make squaw wid *Shemanes*—good!"

Marie's face burned in spite of herself, as this heart-broke met her ear; but it was no time for prudence, and the services of the Swan were farther urged. It was finally arranged that the conduct of the whole plan, as to both the prisoners, should be confided to her discretion.

Polygamy, as our reader knows, was permitted amongst all the tribes found within the limits of the United States; but it was not always practiced. It is a fact that several of the Shawano warriors, who have attained to the first rank in the notices of our border history, have carried the taking of more than one wife at a time. Two of the most distinguished chiefs, whose names are well known to all of our countrymen have been translated to us, and were



known to have adhered to the usage of more civilized people. One of them lived more than forty years with a wife, toward whom he conducted himself in the most irreproachable manner. The hope of maintaining a hold on the affection of Kishkalwa was not therefore unfounded nor singular in his youthful wife; and had not love for him stimulated her, ambition might well have prompted her efforts. Yet to confederate with whites, to rob her tribe of two captives, was a serious offence; the detection of which would assuredly bring with it the most exemplary punishment—including, perhaps, repudiation by Kishkalwa.

"But," said the Swan to herself, in her own tongue, "if I leave the white girl here, my husband will be wretchedly annoyed from me. Scarcely two years! Oh, my Peshiatta, (*Dar*.) why did'st thou not live for me! He would have seen me in thy eyes, and this trouble would have passed by! Better die—better die, than have this girl in my lodge. She shall go—I will risk every thing for this."

It was the conflict between her desire to be rid of Marie, and her dread of the consequences of discovery, which gave to her that troubled aspect, attributed by Marie to the bare remembrance of her husband's unkindness. But her resolution was taken, and she lost no time in preparing for its execution.

The preservation of the surveyor from mortal torture was due to the interference of the head chief, the inclination of whose mind was never in favor of that usage of the tribes. In this, as in other particulars, his name has been rescued by a just tradition from the weight of generations' barbarity which rests upon the mass of his nation. It is to be lamented that the indifference of the present generation of whites to the *details* of aboriginal history, has allowed to pass uninvestigated the memory of many a noble savage, whose freedom from the faults which render criminal the deeds of his people, entitle him to our admiration and respect. The one in question was by no means alone in his dislike of cold-blooded cruelty to pri-



soners; but had he no other claim upon our notice, this, situated as he was, would call for an honorable tribute from the historian.

Nevertheless, the details of a captive's treatment were necessarily left to inferiors; and the situation of Fenton was anything but comfortable. The ordinary place of confinement was the Council-house, near one end of which was a stout post, firmly planted; and to this, the surveyor was fastened by throngs of dried deerskin. Every night a buffalo skin was thrown down by the post, and, (his arms being pinioned,) he was re-fastened to the post in a manner which confined him in one position, and effectually prevented any use of his hands. These were much swollen, and want of exercise seriously impaired his general vigor. As to food he had no cause for complaint; for by common usage, prisoners were well fed, and he was not made an exception. He was at first annoyed through the day, by the women, who amused themselves by subjecting him to their usual clamor, and to the vexatious methods adopted by them to harass captives of the male sex. His confinement was, however, so prolonged that they grew weary of this pastime, and dropped off one by one; so that at length the prisoner was left almost wholly in quiet. Several members of the tribe lodged in the Council-house, and arranged themselves around the stake as they went to sleep; and in the day, there was always at least one in sight of the surveyor.

It may seem impossible that Wab-the could succeed in the attempt to liberate one thus guarded. Yet similar attempts have succeeded in circumstances still more discouraging. The surveyor was quite equal to any share which he might be called on to take in the affair; and, perhaps, it is enough to say that when Marie, near midnight, reached the place on the creek to which she was guided by the Swan, she felt her hand grasped with fervor in that of Fenton. Very few words were spoken, but these sufficed to apprise each how the welfare of the other had increased in interest; and it is not exaggeration to say that the hazardous nature of their undertaking was



In no small degree, hidden by the fact that they were to share it together. A canoe was in readiness to receive them, and their departure being impatiently urged by the trembling Wabette, Marie embraced her, and was assisted into the frail bark by Fenton, who, taking grateful leave of his liberator, pushed into the stream.

About a quarter of a mile below the point of departure, was a remarkable group of sycamores, standing at the mouth of a rivulet which for some distance was skirted with dense briars and underwood. Here the Ranger was to be in waiting; and, accordingly, the signal—a frog-chirp—was given by Fenton with a naturalness which had nearly rendered it doubtful by exciting similar sounds for many rods around. A delay of some minutes ensued, during which neither Marie nor her companion ventured to speak; but their suspense was soon terminated by the appearance of Butler, equipped once more in his own habiliments. Cautioning his two fellow-passengers against conversation, he took the paddle, and the canoe was silently but rapidly urged down the creek.

More than an hour elapsed in this way, the Ranger skilfully using his oar, so as to forward their progress without creating any sound which could endanger their safety. Fenton, on seating himself in the canoe, had taken the hand of Marie, which was permitted to remain in his. What were the thoughts of the pair in the silent interval which followed, we have no means of determining; but it is not unlikely that they reached to possibilities beyond the journey upon which they were now entering.

At the mouth of the fork, and also about the main stream of Paint Creek, where it meets the Scioto, were several struggling lodges, which it was desirable to avoid; as the signs of the party which must be left near them, on abandoning the canoe, would be too fresh and obvious not to lead to very early discovery, especially should a runner be sent down from Chillicothe in the morning. To continue on the water after daylight, was of course impossible. The Ranger, therefore, ran his bark into a gully, at a point where the fork is nearest to the Scioto. Paint Creek,



after a northeasterly course, turns eastward and then southerly, and, for some miles above its embouchure, has very little inclination to the Scioto, which runs southerly, forming with it a long neck like that on which Philadelphia stands, between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. Above the upper end of the neck, and where Paint Creek runs eastwardly, the "fork" on which our party were comes in from the northward. Of course, to reach the Scioto by land, it was necessary only to cross the few miles of space between it and the fork, and the fugitives would then be at least ten miles above the lodges. The canoe was accordingly hidden with great care, and the three set out on foot, Butler selecting the route. Before reaching the western bank of the Scioto, Fenton and Marie were left by the Ranger, while he went to inform his comrades of their arrival.

More than half an hour passed, and the surveyor, impatient of the restraint under which he had been kept by the guide, took advantage of his absence to whisper a few words to his companion. Reader, why ask us to reveal the purport of the conversation to which these led? There were no splendid apartments, costly furniture, gilded vases, perfumed exotics, luxurious draperies, and exaggerated forms of speech to set off the occasion. Nothing was there but two hearts guided towards each other—their voices which spoke frankly their promptings. The pale stars, which shone down through the silent tree tops, were fitting witnesses of that communion; and as the Ranger, who came up in time to see transferred to the lips of Marie the kisses which, in the canoe, had been given to her hand, said nothing, we shall follow his prudent example.

The woodsmen, who had been summoned by Butler, were not long after him; and the party moved on together. The Scioto was passed by means of a raft, the materials of which, having been previously in readiness, were soon fastened together. The river, which varies greatly in width at different seasons, had subsided to nearly its narrowest dimensions, and on this account the passage was com-



paratively easy. The Ranger still urged the advance, in order that as long a space as possible might be accomplished before the pursuit should have commenced. He designed to leave the rest of the company the following day, and secure his own return with the information obtained by him, of which it was desirable to make an early report. With this view it was that he had brought his comrades so near the towns, intending to confide to their well known ability, the safe conduct of the fugitives. Much as he wished their escape, his habits did not permit him to risk throughout their journey the results of his official inquiries, which had already been sufficiently exposed. The probability of his own safety would undoubtedly be stronger, while he trusted to his skill as woodsman for the covering of his single trail, than while retarded by a company whose route it must be difficult wholly to conceal.

Stopping only when absolutely necessary for refreshment, and continuing their march until after dark, the party at length halted for a few hours' repose. The place selected for this purpose was a narrow ravine, at the bottom of which was a small *branch*, now nearly dry. A bed of leaves was protected from the night damps by the temporary structure of boughs and bark commonly used by the Indians; and into the small space thus covered in, Marie was glad to creep for rest and shelter. She had tasked to the utmost her physical powers, lest by any appearance of fatigue, her companions should be induced to slacken their pace and thus increase the hazard of recapture, in which so many volunteers in her behalf must be involved. Her efforts had sorely wearied her, and it was some time before she succeeded in composing herself to sleep.

The Ranger held a short consultation with the men as to their own arrangements for the night; and it was determined, in consideration of the number of the party—the nature of the ground in the neighborhood, and the necessity for exertion on the morrow, that they should keep guard singly for an hour. The first watch was perempto-



ric assumed by the Ranger, who, inured to all the privations of his calling, and, expecting an easier return than the rest, was resolved to extend his own vigil for the sake of his comrades.

An hour passed, during the greater part of which the steady breathing of the sleepers, and occasionally a slight rustling from the couch of Marie, as though the occupant were starting from an uneasy posture, were all the sounds audible to the ear of Butler. Yet he sat, as one might have thought, without change of limb, where his companions had left him when they closed their eyes. His iron nerves scorned the temptations of the slumber in which the others were so comfortably wrapped; and in the loneliness of his watch his mind turned to that secret food which, bitter as it evidently was, seemed its natural repast.

Many times he had been on the point of springing from his place, but ere a muscle was disturbed, he had checked the impulse and quietly submitted to his gnawing passion. Now and then his eye scanned the vicinity, as though to pierce the gloom of the forest depths; and his stretched ear bent forward to catch any passing sound; but beside slight ones near him, and an occasional hooting of the night-bird, he could detect nothing worthy his notice. Thus did this strange being pass his nights, when duty or voluntary enterprise led him into situations requiring vigilance, and no one who could have seen him at such times would have wondered at the deep furrows which marked his yet youthful face.

Another hour had almost elapsed, when a low owl-note, somewhat nearer than those he had before heard, caused him to turn toward the quarter from which it proceeded. Another followed, in a louder tone. It was no more than he had already heard, yet he rose up and listened intently, and in a few moments the hooting was repeated.

"Ay! ay! your pipe wants cleanin', you bloody houn!" muttered the Ranger; "it's not to be an easy game, then, after all." Stepping forward, he awakened



his comrades, whispering in the ear of each to prevent alarm; then selecting two on whom he could rely, they disappeared together in the thicket.

The sleep of Marie, such had been her fatigue, was disturbed by a succession of dreams of an unpleasant character. The parting with her mother was renewed with awful vividness; then came a hazy image of waters striving to overwhelm her, and herself and uncle clinging to a plank, from which every fresh wave threatened to tear them. The scene changed to the point of land at Pittsburg, where Colonel Victor and Fenton appeared in controversy with a large Indian, who, in a rage, leveled a pistol at the surveyor's head and fired with fatal effect, and his dying scream rang in her ears. Starting up, Marie rubbed her eyes, and again she seemed to hear that shot and that scream. Was she awake? Another and another report came, with too much clearness to leave her any longer in doubt of their reality. Looking out from her cover, she in vain sought the forms of her late escort—only one of them was discernible, and he was standing against a tree a few yards from her, with one foot in advance, his rifle grasped as if to bring it in a moment to his shoulder. Then a flash further on, and another report, and here and there a rapid tremor upon the crackling leaves and dried brush, succeeded by several discharges, rendered it certain that again her life was the subject of contest with the dreaded savages. Surprised and bewildered, she knew not whether to retreat into the bushes or seek some other refuge, when a footstep approached, and her wrist was seized by Fenton, who hurriedly whispered:

"Quick, Marie! this way—we've kept it open so far, but they are too many for us; we may get through while Butler keeps them at work before they close the passage."

Then cautiously leading her to the bed of the rivulet, he followed its course toward a hole under the rock, of which the Ranger had apprised him, and from which he firmly hoped the party might succeed in turning the attention of their enemies. The dispositions of Butler had kept them inching from the encampment, and still not



time had not elapsed for surrounding the place; and it was barely possible that if Marie could be secured, the assailants, whose number was unknown, could be cut off, and the surviving woodsmen might immediately resume their flight. This was, indeed, a forlorn hope, but could not end worse than in a re-capture, against which it was resolved to hold out as long as possible. The trail had been discovered early in the evening by one of the scouts of a traveling party, who, after sending to his band information of the route of the whites pursued with the usual caution, and at last came up with the fugitives. He had employed more than an hour in creeping to the spot where Butler sat, and he actually saw this individual, and as the approach was on the side of Marie's cover of bushes, the slight disturbance made by the hands and feet of the scout were confounded with that of the restless girl.

It is only in fiction that we meet with men who were never outdone by the patient subtlety of the North American Indian. The signal, which was too awkwardly uttered to deceive the ears of the Ranger, had called the band in the proper direction, and the fight would have been at the very encampment, if Butler had not, by his measures diverted it, as has been mentioned.

The effort of the surveyor to reach the designated retreat was indeed doubtful. It would have been manifestly impossible, if the engagement had not been opened to the anxious pair, when a shot from the ledge above proclaimed the increasing danger of the attempt. The tread of numbers from tree to tree, was close at hand, and Fenton despairingly whispered:

"Fly, Marie! There—by the crooked oak hanging over the rock. Creep in at the further side. I'll keep them in check till the men get round."

And as the terror-stricken girl, scarcely conscious of what she was undertaking, fled on the soft soil along the fringe of bushes which skirted the run, Fenton, after waiting until she was screened by a turn in the ledge, uttered a cry of defiance—fired toward the ledge—and then



spring behind a stout beech, where he partially re-loaded, while his enemies were firing at the place to which the light of his discharge had directed all eyes. Daring to another tree, he completed his load. Marie, whose course was over a thick turf, which deadened the sound of her foot-steps, might have reached the crooked oak, had not some of the savages already descended into the ravine, to complete the enclosures by which they meditated the capture of the combatants.

Her career was arrested by an arm thrown about her waist—a tomahawk was raised above her head, but he who wielded it, on looking at her, suddenly altered his purpose, and before she could recover sufficiently to cry out for succor, he placed his hand over her mouth, and raising her from the ground, bore her, like an infant, into the wood.

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## CHAPTER V.

On the morning of the second day after the events narrated at the conclusion of the preceding chapter, the council-house in the town of Chillicothe presented an appearance of unusual interest. From an early hour, numbers of women had been engaged in cleaning it, and arranging the buffalo and bear-skins which served as seats for the councilors; and the preparations were at length announced to be complete. After a short interval, a Shawano warrior, carefully dressed and painted, issued from a neighboring lodge and entered the house, casting about him a glance of scrutiny as he passed to one of the seats. He was followed by several others, one of whom bore aloft a pole curiously ornamented, from the top of which hung a deer-skin pouch elaborately wrought with wampum and other precious materials. These seated themselves near the first corner, on the right side of the house; and the party receiving rapid accessions, that portion of the entire space appropriated to the assembly was nearly filled. A few minutes elapsed, during which a profound silence was



maintained by all; and then two finely proportioned warriors entered with a stately tread, and passed on to the head-council seat, of which one of them took possession with great dignity of manner, the other stationing himself on his right. One half of this end of the square was soon filled with warriors, who, in paint and costume, were not inferior to those who had preceded them. The remaining sides were successively occupied, and a pause ensued. These were members of the four great divisions or tribes of the Shawano nation—the Piqui, Kiskapooke, Chilitcotie and Meqrachake, who, in all general councils, took separate stations, as on the present occasion. The last named, to whom was yielded the post of honor, had the custody of the national medicine-bag, or charmed standard alluded to above, which was symbolical of their moral and physical sanity, and was the centre of many superstitious associations. They also had the control and conduct of public sacrifices, which could not be performed but by individuals of this tribe—a curious example of a hereditary priesthood, and the only clear instance of the kind yet discovered among the Indians within the limits of the United States.

A long file of grim-looking savages were guided with some ceremony to the vacant seats on the right of the presiding chief, where they arranged themselves with an air which evinced a consciousness of merited precedence. There were in part Wyandots (or Hurons), and in part Iroquois, or members of the great Confederacy of the Six Nations. The former, who, in state speeches, were addressed by the respectful title “uncle”—a term of political relationship implying superior national rank—exercised over all the Indians settled between the Great Miami and the Allegheny, a powerful influence, the reason of which has never been wholly explained. The Iroquois, who had for nearly a century been the Romans of the new world, claimed from all the tribes a deference such as is yielded only to absolute conquerors; and on this occasion their prerogative was exalted in the position of some of their



warriors as were in attendance, who were placed between the head chief and the Hurons.

A proper time having been suffered to elapse, the personage who, from his official station as head of the principal town, was expected to direct this council of his people, rose to announce the objects of the conference. He has already been introduced to the reader as the leader of the attack on the Flat-bottom, and as the chief whose benevolence interfered on behalf of his prisoners. His tribe was distinguished for good speaking, and their reputation was safe in the hands of Cornstock—for it was no less an individual than that renowned captain, who now undertook the explanation of the subjects to be discussed. The arrival of the band who had, as we have seen, intercepted the flight of Marie and the surveyor, brought with it not only important information, but a spirit which prompted to high enterprise against the settlements; and it was to hear the strangers, and deliberate upon the measures suggested by them, that the council was convened by Cornstock.

We shall not report the various topics and arguments which were urged by those who shared in the discussion; but rather turn to a proceeding more closely connected with the unhappy captives. It was high noon when a message brought the prisoners into the presence of the assembly, where they were placed, standing, in the middle of the square formed by the seated counsellors. There were only four left of the party who had crossed the Scioto with the Ranger. This individual entered the council-house with a savageness of mien quite equal to that of the fiercest of the dark warriors whom he confronted. His head was bound with a handkerchief, which was stained with the blood of an ill-dressed wound. His carriage was steady, and he encountered with a coolness bordering on contempt the stern looks which met him on all sides. His person and office were known to the assembly, and his capture had been a subject of general congratulation. Next to him walked the only survivor of the woodsmen, the sullenness of whose visage, while it o'



ferred a strong contrast with the open boldness of Butler, evinced nevertheless a determination to endure, doggelly, the worst that fortune had in store. Marie followed with quiet step and downcast eyes; her cheeks were colorless, and an expression of despair, scarcely softened toward resignation, told the anguish she had borne since her seizure in the ravine. Last came the surveyor, dejected and harassed by fears for the safety of her with whom his relations had lately assumed so tender a character, but without any definite conception or feeling respecting himself. A flush tinged his face as he took his station; but the flashing of his eyes showed that the emotion was of an angry kind. The hands of the four were bound; those of Marie more indulgently than the rest, yet with sufficient strictness.

When the slight commotion occasioned by their entrance had subsided, Cornstock arose and pronounced a few words with great gravity, and resumed his seat. One of the Wyandots on his right now advanced a few steps, and dropping his blanket, prepared for a serious harangue. Marie, who had raised her eyes to the chief next to Cornstock, was struck with the singular combination of ferocity and sadness depicted in his countenance. He had spoken with effect upon the public business just concluded; but he manifested no inclination to take part in the subject now proposed; which, as the reader has anticipated, was the propriety of sending the prisoners to the stake without delay. Before setting out on his journey to Chillicothe, he had gone with a band of eight to the Musk-igum, and glutted his vengeance on a number of settlers, newly arrived, near its waters; but cold-blooded inhumanity to captives formed no part of Logan's character; and on his return, failing to obtain, by persuasion, the preservation of a prisoner, he, with his own hand, severed the cord which bound him to the post of torture, and led him boldly away. Feeling no disposition to favor the proposal of the Huron, he believed the influence of the Shawano chief sufficient to counteract it. He seemed, indeed, like a man of strong nature, goaded by grievous wrong



into some dark and comprehensive plan, to which alone henceforth his life must be devoted, and as this softer trait predominated in his features, the sensitive Marie found herself regarding him with a species of respect. This feeling was soon dissipated by the tone and gestures which marked the address of the Huron. The wanton destruction of the families near the Waukegong, coupled as it was with a long series of similar outrages by the Long-knives, afforded matter of too close concern with himself and his hearers, not to create excitement in both. The increasing rapidity of his utterance, the customary approving cry from the audience, more frequent as the speaker progressed, proved the concurrence of both in the tenor of the harangue. Movements of the hand toward the prisoners, hostile glances in the same direction, and an obvious disposition to violence, kept Marie, who was little versed in the usages of Councils, in continual apprehension of immediate attack.

Fenton, from time to time, whispered to her the encouragement of which he was capable; but perhaps the best of all was the confidence with which he inspired her, in his own ardent desire to join his fate to hers, let what might befall her. The Ranger paid very little regard to the oratorical efforts of the Wyandot; but seemed most interested in the presiding chief, who betrayed to the keen scrutiny of Butler a remarkable hesitation; and his uncertainty, whatever its cause, grew stronger with every new evidence of approbation bestowed upon the speaker. When the latter turned his appeals upon him, the Shawano avoided his look, and glanced doubtfully upon the faces of the counsellors, as though to ascertain the effect upon them. At length, after a most impassioned exhortation, the Huron folded his blanket about him, and with decent moderation resumed his seat. Again the cry, which amongst the tribes held the place of our modern applause, passed heartily around. No one appeared to think it necessary to continue the discussion; yet there were two, who, from widely differing motives, were strong enough to stem the popular current; and were withheld only by



doubt as to the safest mode of attempting it. One of these was Kishkewa—the other was the head chief. The former had not abandoned his views with respect to Marie; indeed, the narrow risk he had run of losing her by flight had augmented his flame; and he was determined, if no other course should be open to him, to carry her off clandestinely, or by force. Cornstock, whose original design with respect to his captives had not been altered by the representations of the Huron, felt an additional stimulus in the pride which refused to yield to external influence what it would not spontaneously concede. He had hoped to dissolve the Council after the consideration of public business, but in this he was foiled by the address of the strangers; and as common consent, and not unchangeable law, was the foundation of his own authority, he could not venture to thwart, directly, the unanimous resolve which summoned the prisoners into the presence of the Council. But something must be done to arrest the impending decision. Cornstock, since the termination of the Huron's discourse, had several times looked towards the open door of the house, and finally arose with a shade of disappointment in his countenance. Beginning with some expressions of respect and sympathy for the wronged Cayuga at his side, and for others who had suffered with him he reminded the counsellors of his own well known services on the side of his brethren, and his ready aid in all emergencies of his people; but there were rights sanctioned by immemorial usage which had, apparently, been overlooked by the assembly. Then adding a variety of words of course upon the general objects of the Council, he seemed to many of the warriors to be merely evading the common wish; and a sour-looking Wyandot interrupted him with an intimation that he should confine himself to the main topic, and allow the Council to finish the sitting.

This interruption, reader, whatever may be said by those unacquainted with the *realities* of Indian life, was not without many precedents. In the discussion of the most solemn treaties, a speaker has been more than once, not only cut short in his discourse, but given to under-



stand, in no delicate manner, that he was uttering falsehoods.

Although galled by the manner of the Wyandot, Cornstock was about taking up the thread of his remarks, when a step was heard near the door—a noble savage strode into the midst of the assembly—and the chief unceremoniously ended his speech. The decorations of the warrior would have announced to the Ranger that he was a Shawano; but the name, *Catahecassa*, uttered by many of the counsellors, apprised him that the new comer was the famous chief under whose guidance the main body of the nation had emigrated from the South, when sorely pressed by their confederated enemies in that region. Foremost in real rank, and venerated by his people, this distinguished warrior had scarcely attained the age of fifty years. In height he was not above five feet eight inches; but he was well proportioned, and his countenance indicated the superior intelligence of the man. Not only had he gained many laurels in the southern country, but after the removal, in which he was director and commander, he had led his bands against the Cherokees, had shared in the fatal attack upon General Braddock, and had headed those devastating incursions of his tribe which followed the peace of 1763. The acknowledged orator, *par excellence*, of the Shawanos, his grace and fluency were employed with eminent success. Well acquainted with the national traditions and popular anecdotes, his illustrations and examples were always ready and pointed. He was noted for the peculiar mode in which he opened his speeches, whenever the emergency required of him to oppose the inclinations of his hearers. Beginning with some pleasant remark or facetious story, he would enliven his auditory, and hold them in agreeable suspense, until he saw a relaxation of their countenances; then becoming earnest, he would press his arguments, and close with a skilful persuasion. Doubt not, reader, when we add the assertion, vouched by historical evidence, that he never witnessed more than two executions of prisoners, and those by accident, not from choice. He never failed to use his influence to prevent



the burning of white captives at the stake. Such was the chief who, after paying suitable respect to the Council, took the place yielded to him at the upper end of the house.

At an invitation from Cornstock, *Citabecissa* (or, as we shall hereafter call him, *Black Hoof*), arose, and employed to the utmost the oratorical art in which he was so well skilled. Kishkulwa, who was a brother of the speaker, and who alone beside Cornstock, was informed of the intention of Black-Hoof to be present at the Council, watched anxiously the effect of his address. The tide of opinion in fact was turned; for, to say nothing of personal and rhetorical influence, the arguments resorted to were based upon the unquestionable usages of the people. The result was, that Marie and Fenton were awarded to the custody of Cornstock—the Ranger and his comrade being yielded to the pleasure of the strangers. A curious twinkle appeared in the eyes of Butler, when he understood the course which affairs had taken.

“So the varmin’s b’lieve it’s as easy to pass about a reglar woodsman as swap a beaver—umph! Simmons, keep your eyes open and”—here Butler turned his words into a whistle of an old border song, and winked at his companion with a ludicrousness as inconsistent with his general deportment as it was irreconcilable with his situation. The prisoners, however, were about to be separated; and with a hurried and homely but sincere farewell, the Ranger was led away.

“Marie!” said Fenton, “God be thanked, there is yet hope for you. That noble chief is plainly set on your preservation. We shall soon be again parted, but my best support will be the knowledge that you are secure, and will not forget me.”

“Forget you, George! oh, that I could share your lot rather than leave you thus! I will appeal to Cornstock for you, and perhaps”—but a firm hand was upon her, and as she was urged toward the door, her eyes spoke to the unfortunate surveyor the affection which she was not allowed further to demonstrate by words.



THE idea of returning to the lodge of Kishkalwa was more than ever insupportable; and she was agreeably surprised when her conductor led her to that of Cornstock. The Saan, whose agency in the escape of her innocent rival had not been suspected, no sooner learned the issue of her plans, than she determined to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of a daily temptation against which it would be impossible to provide, if Marie again shared her lodge. Watching an opportunity during the absence of Kishkalwa, she sought an interview with Cornstock, mentioned to him in private the disastrous results which would follow the introduction of the stranger into her household, and respectfully, yet passionately besought him to devise some course by which her domestic relations might be freed from their late unhappy embarrassment. The chief, whose indignation, as Wabette expected, was roused by the threats used towards his own prisoner, (over whom, if he chose her to be undisturbed, he could not but consider it presumptuous in another to assume authority,) promised his assistance; and for the sake of Wabette, agreed to conceal his knowledge of what had passed. He ought to add that his disposition towards the white girl was modified by her relationship to Col. Victor. The Shawanias had always been in the French interest, and the chief learned that he had fought in the same ranks with that officer; and nothing but the illness and death of the latter prevented his voluntary release. Now that he was gone, new inducements appeared to withhold Marie for a time; but any injury to her would have been wholly at variance with the intentions of Cornstock. His wife, greatly the senior of Marie, proved to be a woman of such goodness of heart; and from the first moment of her intercourse with the pale-face, evinced a disposition worthy of the husband in whose honorable rank she shared.

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## CHAPTER VI.

At early dawn of the day after the council, which we have described as well for the sake of illustrating the customs of the tribe as because of its influence on the subjects of our narrative, the party of Hurons and Mingoes set out from Chillicothe, taking with them the two prisoners upon whom alone they had been permitted to exercise their cruel inclinations.

A long period elapsed, during which day followed day in wearisome succession to Marie, the subject of whose constant solicitude, Fenton was sent away shortly after the departure of the Ranger. A severe fit of illness confined her for several weeks to her bed; and the weakness induced by it prevented her from making any great bodily exertion. The anxiety of her hostess for her recovery, her patient attentions, and the indulgence with which she treated the invalid during her convalescence excited a grateful friendship in the mind of Marie. We again say, *doubt not*, reader, for many are the examples of similar kindness amongst that most ferocious of border enemies, the Shawano tribe.

The adult males of the town were mostly absent upon forays into the white settlements; yet Marie saw much of the ordinary course of things in an Indian village. Many times did she observe grim warriors, whose hands had been reddened with the blood of her countrymen, sitting in the sun, staking in childish games, or at cards, (which they had learned from the French), the products of the chase, or articles of finery upon their persons. Several nights of every week, the sounds of dance and song were kept up to a late hour, at different lodges, or in the council-house; and pitched contests at wrestling, jumping and ball-playing, gave amusement to many during the day. Some of the diversions of the tribe were at first rather alarming to an unexposed



thred eye. For example, Marie was standing one evening at the door of her lodge, when she was approached by a party enveloped in bear-skins, with the hair outward, and so well fitted that the chief resemblance to their own species was in the posture of the wearers. Each of the maskers wore a false-face of hideous aspect, and carried a pole and a case made of tortoise-shell, into which grains of corn had been put for a rattle—metal appendages being added, to increase the noise. With fierce gestures they surrounded the captive, brandishing their poles and rattles, and committing numerous extravagancies of action. These were the frolickers who assumed the license conceded by us to the *maudslings* of Christmas time. The coincidence of the savage with the European amusement is one of many remarkable examples observed by residents in Indian towns. Marie was relieved from her unpleasant situation by the interference of her hostess, whose representations prevented a repetition of the sport with the timid stranger.

Our readers may desire to know how Marie fared as to food; and we can answer—almost luxuriously. Only two formal meals were taken during the day, there being always cold provisions in the lodge for a lunch when it was desired. The meats were boiled, roasted on a spit, or broiled; and were venison, bear's flesh, turkeys, geese, and fish in great abundance. With these were sometimes boiled beans, corn or squashes. Preserves of cranberries and crab-apples furnished, in season, an agreeable relish; to which we may add cuts, and many of the berries which are so much enjoyed amongst ourselves in the spring and early summer.

Several public celebrations occurred, which were in part witnessed by Marie. Of these, the green-corn dance was the most important. Sacrifices, dances, feasting, the ceremony of collecting the corn, and the grand speech of the head chief by way of finale kept the town in excitement for several days, and offered a favorable exhibition of the solemn festival rites of the nation. Still it was a weary life that she led, and many were the acts of devotion which she performed in bitterness of soul.

The rich verdure of summer had given place to the



bright and varied tints of autumn when the town and its neighborhood became the scene of extraordinary preparations. From all quarters of the country there were pouring into Chillicothe companies from different tribes, bearing their peculiar ensigns and displaying on their persons all the resources of their national war-paint. Such as could not be accommodated in the lodges encamped on the plain toward the water, until more than fifteen hundred warriors were thus assembled in and about the town. That a crisis of no ordinary moment was at hand, was evident to Marie, who regarded with apprehension the proximity of so many unbridled savages.

At the command of Cornstock, the council-house was put in order for the reception of the chiefs of the several tribes who were present; and a solemn council was convened to deliberate finally upon the object which had brought together this large military force. The Shawanes on the present occasion sat together, at the left of their principal sachem, and around the house, in the places assigned to them, according to their political rank, were Hurons from Sandusky—Cayugas, and others of the Six Nations, from their wide-spread posts throughout the Ohio territory, and even from the national seat in New York—Ottawas from the Peninsula—Delawares from Muskingum, Hockocking, and the lower shore of Lake Erie—Pottawattamies from about Lake Michigan—Miami's from the valley of the Wabash—and Ioways and Chippewas from the Northwest, as far as the headwaters of Lake Superior. An express had brought intelligence that the Long knives were coming upon them by two routes, with a strong army; and that instant measures were necessary to prevent the conflagration of their villages, and the massacre of their families. The question proposed for discussion was, whether they should endeavor, by pacific overtures to avert the threatened hostilities, or strike openly their approaching foes.

It would be deeply interesting, had we space, to consider the prominent members of the council, in connection with their previous and subsequent career. For example Black-  
H., of whose relations with his own tribe have already been



adverted to. Lail always been the settled opponent of peace upon any condition short of an abandonment by the whites of all the country west of the Alleghenies. Sagacious and experienced, his courage was of the most desperate character, and none exceeded him in deadly enmity to the settlers. He now burned with the same ardor which led him, twenty years later, into the fatal encounter with General Wayne, in which ended forever his hopes of success. Thenceforth he was to submit to destiny, and another period of twenty years was to find him on the side of the colonies, grown into States, and warring, a second time, against the mother country; and again, after twenty years, he was to lie down with the weight of more than a century upon him, and mingle his bones with the dust of that region for which he was now about to struggle—but which the progress of events before his departure was to cover with the busy towns of a civilized people. There was Lagan who had always been the friend of the colonies, and whose amicable interference had prevented many a secret blow upon the weak frontier; but who—now bereft of his kindred by the treachery of the very people whom he had befriended—had yet one field of honorable strife, and then, ere long, was to obscure his renown by the self-abandonment of despair, and at last to fall, a lonely victim to the knife of the assassin.

There was Meshketoghquagh, better known as the Little Turtle, a Miami who had served under the great Ottawa, Pontiac, and owing nothing to birth or fortune, had risen by superior merit, so that at the age of thirty years he stood proudly amongst the braves at Chillethe.

For him there were in reserve two bloody and fruitless battles, and then, on the Atlantic border, he was to be the welcome guest of sages and patriots from the old world; and after years of wise government, of plans for repressing inhumanities, and elevating his people, he was to close a life of unimpaired integrity and steadfastness, by his efforts against the confederating schemes of a second Pontiac—the Shawano Tecumthe. There was Buckongahelas, older than the Little Turtle, and occupying the rank of Lail chief of the Delawares. Already a stout fighter



when he enlisted under the banner of the Ottawa leader in 1762, he had earned a additional reputation at the head of his own people, and was universally respected for chivalrous independence, fidelity and nobleness of soul. He, too, was to show himself in yet other fields—to join the mother against the daughter in the strife of the Revolution—to avenge himself yet again on the settlements in the massacres preceding the treaty of Wayne—and then, enlightened by dearly-bought experience, he was to employ his dying words in counselling his nation to embrace, in permanent friendship, the posterity of those whose destruction had been the object of his life. There was Weyapiersenwaw, or Blue Jacket, a violent warrior of the Shawano tribe, whose ardent thirst for white blood had not been lessened by many signal successes. Next to Cornstock in the public estimation, his influence after the Revolution (in which he fought) was to carry his countrymen triumphantly through many sanguinary engagements, until, prevailing over the prudence of Little Turtle, it was to lead them into the fatal conflict of the Maumee. There was Tarhe, (the Crane,) a Wyandot, now in the prime of vigor as a brave, and commencing a career of military as well as civil services, which were to raise him to the highest authority in the government of his nation. There was Seruniyattha, the Half king, a noted chief of the same tribe, who, after holding a post at the fork of the Ohio, and receiving there the maiden embassy of Washington, in 1753, had retired westward, and joined in the machinations of Pontiac. In the battle now about to follow, and in the revolutionary contest, his hatchet was to be dyed in the veins of many a foe. There was Hopocan, (Pope,) a savage warrior of the Minsi, or Wolf tribe of Lenni-lenape. The rival of the famous White-eyes, and eminent for ferocity and policy, he was to carve out new claims to the respect of his people, and the fear of the white men. And now many thus united in that solemn council, who, in their youth, had witnessed the palmy days of the Miami federation—the whirlwind conquests of the Iroquois! How many had gathered precious laurels in the wars with the



Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and other tribes of the South. Their glory was about to blaze anew with expiring flame—and the stream of time was to wash away the memory of their exploits with the remnant of their afflicted race. The foe was almost at the door of the national wigwam, and we may well believe that the conference was earnest and prolonged. Cornstock had never sought warfare against the whites for its own sake; and few charges of cruelty have accompanied his fame to our generation. A skilful commander, and brave in the best sense of the term, he never fought but for peace. He felt his country's wrongs, and his love for the villages and hunting-grounds of his people, was such as did credit to him as a man. When in action, he struck like a thunderbolt upon his startled enemies; but his reflecting mind foresaw the inevitable supremacy of the whites, and the fatal reaction of all attempts at offensive war, and he did not hesitate to avow himself the advocate of peace. Encouraging the benevolent enterprises of missionaries, and setting the example of quiet citizenship, he hoped by remonstrance, and by a prudent forbearance to restrain in a degree the injustice of the Europeans.

Reader, have you ever, before this hour, bestowed a thought upon the assembly which we have thus presented to you in our humble tale? There is a point from which, if you view it, you may gain a new light for your study of human nature. While these political fathers were thus deliberating upon their melancholy condition—oppressed, persecuted—hurled from river to river and mountain to mountain, there sat in Philadelphia another body of men—like them, honored with the confidence of their people—like them, warriors and statesmen—and like them, about to discuss the question of national safety: we mean the well-known Colonial Congress of 1774. But mark the difference. The one driven to the last turn by frauds and violence, unintermitted during a century of years—their settlements laid waste—their towns destroyed—their domestic ties trampled upon—their kindness repaid with treachery—the lives of their kindred wantonly sacrificed,



singly and by scores—and finally, themselves threatened by an advancing host, eager to quench the last embers of their council fire in the blood of the surviving guardians. The other, composed of their persecutors—men who had thriven to fatness in the sunshine of colonial prosperity, and who were about to take up arms against the parent country, because of some dispute about the mode in which their contributions to the imperial treasury should be levied on articles of trade. Alas, for the red man! History has enshrined the memory of the counsellors in the white town by the banks of the Delaware, and the world shouts applause at their manhood; but who feels a single additional pulse of emotion for the congress by the plains of Scioto? The same day's sun shone upon both of these; for one of them, it went down with fearful omens—for the other, it threw out auspicious promise of a morning of triumph and peace.

The left division of the Long-knife army, under General Lewis, was marching by land to the mouth of the Great Kanhawa; and it was resolved to attack this, before a junction could be effected with Lord Dancore, who had embarked at Pittsburg, and was coming down the Ohio. When Cerastock found that the opinion of the majority was for action, he arose calmly, but with an air of determination, and addressed himself to the assembled warriors in these remarkable words, which have come down to us with the history of the times:

“Well!—you have resolved to fight, and you shall fight, although you will have a hard work—but,” and he looked sternly around the assembly, “if any man attempts to run from the field, I will kill him with my own hand.”

An impressive silence followed, and the chieftain, with a lofty repose of manner, resumed his place; and soon the throng, issuing from the Council-house, proclaimed to the anxious multitude the termination of the conference.

We shall not describe in detail the movements of the patriot army to the ground where, from early morn till night, they withstood the invaders. Many watched their fearful array, as it wound along the banks of stream; and



the tremor of the sea of his race on whom must fall the burden of this desperate struggle. Tradition has at least done justice to the conduct of the Sawano leader; and well he played his part on that memorable day. A village of his people had stood upon a site within reach of the ribs of his right wing; and, doubtless, he felt the tides of battle press upon his heart, as from time to time he shouted to his perishing warriors, "be strong!—be strong!" But the deed had gone forth, and again the white man was to prevail. A recent Sawano gave the first signal for flight, and in an instant the tomahawk of his chief was buried in the coward's brain. But the *Leven*—the charmed war standard of the nation—was taken from the hand of its bearer, who poured out his life as his sacred charge passed into the grasp of the foe. Dismay now possessed the ranks of the superstitious warriors, and the field was abandoned on all sides. Collecting the broken remains of his army, Cornsuck crossed the river with them under cover of night, and retreated beyond the reach of the victors.

It would be impossible to convey an idea of the consternation which assailed the inhabitants of Callicoth, when they saw their last reliance thus snatched from under them. Wounded, depressed, bleeding, their gallant array offered no likeness to that which had so lately marched out, flushed with the hope of success in the defence of their firesides. It was a sad Council which, on the day after the return of the vanquished, assembled in the house, but yesterday the witness of so many gallant resolves. No one ventured to speak, until Cornsuck, too deeply grieved for his people to utter idle reproaches for their involuntary misfortune, advanced into the midst of the dejected chiefs, and said:

"Butlers, what shall we do now? The Long knives will come upon us by two roads: shall we once more march out and fight them?"

A profound silence followed this inquiry.

"Shall we kill our wives and children, and then fight and we fall by the hand of the enemy?"

Again the silence was unbroken. Turning to the war



post erected in the middle of the Council-house, he drew his tomahawk from his belt, and drove it with terrible energy into the wood, and added, "Since you are not inclined to fight, I will go and make peace;" and then strode from the house. The submissive chiefs gloomily separated, and thus ended the plans of the confederacy of 1774.

When Marie saw the broken files of the defeated army appear before the town, and heard the imprecations of the men, and the lamentations of the women, and on almost every hand encountered indications of increased vindictiveness, she shuddered lest the rage and hate of the buffeted warriors should be glutted with captive blood. But in the lodge of the head chief appeared nothing but grief, and a forced resignation to coming events. The proximity of the conquering foe turned the general feeling towards deprecation rather than renewed provocation, and her fears gave way to unqualified compassion. The tears of her hostess, who felt the full weight of the national calamity, brought many a sympathetic drop to the eyes of Marie; and so close had become the friendship between the two, that she was not amazed to find herself weeping at the success of her countrymen. Her daily view of all the minutiae of domestic life in Callicothé, had impressed her with a clear sense of a common nature with the ill-fated Shawanos. She had learned to see women and children where, a few months since, her fancy had represented only remorseless butchers of human kind. Would that we of this day could have our hearts thus opened towards the red brothers whom our bayonets have forced beyond the Mississippi!

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## CHAPTER VII

Another chapter, and we close our faithful story. It may be that in bearing our testimony to Indian virtues and sufferings, we have roused a suspicion of our accuracy as narrators. The hideous images of a savage warfare may be thy only coloring, reader, for the history of the western tribes. Indeed, our belief that such has been the case, was our main inducement to gather up some proofs of actual scenes very different from those prevailing in thy mind. For true it is, that associated with customs from which civilized humanity recoils with horror, were others which the proudest offspring of European education might with honor emulate. It is no less true, that cruelties—which, in the savage, were, at least, relieved by noble motives to which their origin may be traced, or with which they have become so linked as to make it a justice to consider them apart—were, by multitudes of our own people, adopted and practiced with unflinching triumph. We judge harshly the unenlightened savage—do we remember the sins of our own race? There were many individuals, who, in the midst of their benighted tribes, stood forth the champions of a better morality; have we rendered to these even the poor meed of remembrance? When, on the page of *modern* history, we see it indelibly recorded that *our* fathers—since the birth of some of these very chiefs—tortured and burned in their very capitals, at their national altars, men, women and children, who had dared to open their hearts to God after the dictates of their own consciences, or whom superstition had branded with the guilt of an impossible crime—to we bethink ourselves of judgment which we mete to the uncivilized warrior, who, under the excitement of a battle, in which he had encountered the risk of a similar treatment, tried by fire the steadfastness of his



foe? But we have yet other things to show the reader; and we trust that in these hours of retirement when the heart is searched, and the doings of life are made to pass in solemn review, the sin of injustice against a much oppressed people may not continue to thy condemnation.

A few days after the battle of the Kenhawa, the soldiers of Lord Dunmore's army were engaged in fortifying an encampment on an elevated piece of ground at the distance of about eight miles from Chillicothe. A breastwork of fallen trees was thrown up and intrenched so as to inclose a space of nearly twelve acres.

In the middle of this work a single acre was defended by a second breastwork for the earl and his superior officers. Suitable places of egress were constructed, one of which looked westward toward the Indian town. To this post was given the name of Camp Charlotte. The division under General Lewis, which had sustained the tolls of the late engagement, had been checked by an order from the Commander-in-chief, to return homeward; an order which the men, roused by the fierce assaults of the Indians, at first refused to obey; and it was only upon a repetition of it in person by Lord Dunmore, that they were enforced to comply with its terms. The encampment was, therefore, occupied only by those troops, regulars and militia, who had descended the Ohio as we have mentioned.

One morning after the army had been thus settled, the sun rose with a brilliancy unusual in the month of November. Throughout Camp Charlotte he shone upon men busy in various military preparations. At an early hour a covering of tent-cloth was stretched from the marquee of the Commander-in-chief, so as to form with it a shelter of considerable extent. The troops in the outer inclosure, not on duty, were got under arms, and a strong guard in the inner one was drawn up near the tent of the earl. The first report having been made, the men rested at their posts, from their officers, and a half hour elapsed without further movement. At the expiration of this time, a party of Indians were descried slowly issuing from an open



wood, at some distance from the camp. When the last of them had passed out into the open ground they stopped, and one who appeared to be their leader, after arranging them for a long halt, advanced with about a dozen of his friends toward the gate of the outer inclosure, where they were met by an aid of Lord Dunsmore, and conducted within the intrenchment. The soldiers, meanwhile, had stood to their arms, and the little band, unarmed, walked with gravity along the bristling array, until they reached the long tent in the middle of the camp, when the Commander rose from his auger and the roll of drums and the flourish of trumpets, and welcomed the visitors in the manner customary on such occasions. The chief seated himself in the midst of the staff, the Indians being accommodated in front; and when the initial ceremonies were ended he arose, and addressing himself to the principal chief, said:

"Your father's ears are open!" and resumed his seat.

Chasock, who had been deputed as speaker on this important occasion, continued to sit for some minutes after the Governor had indicated his readiness to hear him. The chiefs who had accompanied him, were survivors of that renowned circle with whom he had held council before the battle of Kamaiva, and as he contemplated them, defeated as like himself, in the midst of the victorious Long-hairs, his emotions were too strong for utterance.

At length he stood up, and while a silence remained so perfect that the rustling of the dead leaves about the camp could be distinctly heard, he opened a discourse which, for its force, has been compared by an officer who was present, to the best efforts of the Henry's and the Lee's, who were at that moment reaping imperishable honor by their efforts among the patriots of the Atlantic cities. Reviewing the successive treaties which his people had made with the whites—the decline of times, once masters of the soil, to their present degraded and abject condition—the policy which had been used toward them—the injustice of their wrongs and trials, and the wanton barbarities which had goaded the suffering tribes to that justifi-



ble war, now so disastrously terminated—he grew louder and louder, until his impassioned tones were heard to every part of the camp. He knew well the history of the red nations, and was familiar with the topography of the country from the upper Mississippi to the heart of the settlements, and his speech gained force by the clearness of his illustrations. Yielding to necessity, as well as to his inclination, he offered an alliance with the British government; but with a fervor inspired by humiliating experience, he sought to keep from his towns the deadly potion which threatened their ruin—and the unprincipled traders who first cheated and then corrupted the people.

The treaty was concluded; and perhaps it is some confirmation of the existing suspicions, that in the revolutionary struggle which opened at Lexington in less than six months afterward, the Shawanos, with the exception of Cornstock and a few of his friends, took the side of the northern country. At all events, it would not have been easy to convince the patriots of Virginia that the intrigues of the British Government were not the cause of that adherence. The head chief himself avoided the contest, and until his death he continued upon friendly terms with the colonists.

It was one of the stipulations of the treaty that the prisoners captured by the Indian should be brought in and surrendered to their white friends. Some time necessarily elapsed before the scattered captives could be collected, but they were at length conducted by different routes to the camp. From Chillicothe came a number who had been gathered from neighboring villages, and as they approached the intrenchments, how diverse the feelings which arose in their bosoms! A few, who had been subjected to rigid treatment, and whose fate had been held in suspense, were overjoyed to be restored to the assurance of life and freedom. But the majority were actuated by a variety of contending emotions. By the side of our friend, Maria, walked the wife of the great Shawano, in tears at the prospect of her separation forever from one toward whom she had opened her heart with almost maternal fondness.



Hand in hand they entered the gate, and we hesitate not to say that the pleasure of Marie at her deliverance was in no small degree subdued by the thought of parting with her kind friend. Nor was she alone in this respect. The reluctance of many women of the tribe to leave their late captives was evinced in the affectionate manner with which they hung about them until the last moment, and in the sincerity with which their good will was returned.

When all the prisoners had reached Camp Charlotte, they were, at an hour fixed by the General, assembled at his marquee. Then ensued a scene which softened the most rugged of spectators. There were fathers and mothers recognizing and clasping their children—wives embracing their husbands after a long separation—brothers and sisters of all ages—some of whom, trained to the language of their various captors, were unable to speak intelligibly to each other. There were some who hurriedly sought—alas! in vain!—their relatives amongst the rescued group; and the contrast of the grief and horror of these, as they learned the worst, with the frantic delight of their more fortunate companions, gave a wild excitement to the spectacle, which long haunted the memory of the bystanders. There were in this assembly two who have hitherto claimed our sympathy; and whose transport at meeting was certainly not inferior to that of any in camp.

Throwing herself into the arms of Fenton, Marie wept and laughed by turns, and the surveyor, almost beside himself, hung over her in speechless joy. But we will not attempt to describe a reunion which the reader is better prepared to conceive than we are to give it expression. The little groups, into which the larger one was soon broken, continued until late to hold precious converse; and when they retired to their repose at night, it was with hearts penetrated with a lively sense of gratitude for this seeming interposition of Providence in their behalf.

The morrow's sun was casting his first rays upon the camp when Marie issued from her tent, and walked to one side of the enclosure where Fenton was already in waiting.



There was much for them to discuss, for the army won't soon march back to the settlements, and Marie must determine upon a place of abode—the death of Colonel Victor having driven from her mind all idea of a residence on the Mississippi. The surveyor, too, had more than a word to say in reference to his own course, while, it surely is not necessary for us to hint, depended not a little upon his fair companion. And then, even if they had met without anything whatever to settle, they would not have been at a loss for a language which should have had meaning enough for a good long interview. What they said and did, it is not our business to relate in full to the curious. They had been some time in conversation, when Marie observed with a sigh:

“I fear we shall not see poor Butler again! He was not amongst the prisoners yesterday, and I sure those people who took him away were a desperate set. They looked to me a thousand times more wicked than our tribe.”

“Well!” said Fenton, “I am much mistaken, if he has not escaped. He is a remarkable man in every way; and it must be an extraordinary watchfulness that could hold him.”

“Better eyes, anyhow, than them Wyandotté's know how to use them!” said the Ranger, who had been looking about for the pair, and had approached behind a pile of brush, unheard amid the thousand noises of the camp. Marie uttered an exclamation of pleasure, and warmly shook hands with Butler, as did also Fenton, who said:

“Butler! next to Marie, there's not a person in the world that I wanted to see more than you. Here's a hand that yours to eternity. But how did you get off? I thought, to be sure, you'd have trouble, but I knew your grain.”

“Ha! ha! me and Simmons worked 'em! I tell you, surveyor, it did me more good to think how they'd be disappointed when they found it out, than it did to think of my being out of their clutches. They'll know a thing or two next time—except three of 'em that wasn't likely to



see daylight agin when we left 'em; but" added the Ranger, in a more serious tone, "I often thought of both of you; and if I hadn't been sent off by the Governor yesterday, I'd have been first to see you in the camp. What are you going to do?"

"That's just it!" answered the surveyor, while Mario looked away; "I will not be secret with you—Mario must have a protector, and I wish her to go back to the settlement as—as"—

"As his wife—think of that, Mr. Butler!" interrupted Mario, turning frankly and tenderly, but with a spice of playfulness, toward Fenton.

The Ranger looked down a minute without speaking; and his features assumed some of that peculiar bitterness of expression which we have more than once noticed. At length he said, with solemnity of manner:

"Well—it's best. No one knows what may happen; and if anything comes betwixt you, it may be too late;" and he again paused, as though debating with himself whether or not to proceed. Overcoming his scruples, whatever they were, he continued:

"Mario! you're the first person I've felt much care for since I left the settlements. Somehow, your ways have taken hold of my feelings, and I believe you're the first that's seemed to care for me—maybe that's it. But in the Flat-burn, when I was troubled in mind—and the Lord knows I had enough of that!—you always had a word and look to make things smooth; and after the scrimmage, when I partly laid to myself—though I *did* think, and so did Colonel Victor—howsoever he wasn't so much used to that—I say, I did think it was all right; but after *that* time, I couldn't rest till I saw you out of the scrape. And when the prisoners was to come in, I didn't want to say any more but you—and I may say the surveyor here, who's a man, I don't believe he hadn't seen so much service as some others. Well! I never expected to say a word to say one about my troubles, but now that you're fixed this way, it's p'raps better to do it! you won't talk of 'em, and they may do you good."



Here the Ranger paused, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and then, with evident effort, began his narration:

"I was born in Virginia, among the settlements. My parents were poor—that's no disgrace, but it's sometimes hard on the children. They couldn't pay for schoolin' and I grew up without knowin' my letters, till I was about eighteen years old. I worked hard, and my app'nt was pretty much all I got for it. Hows'ever I fell in with a gal"—here a violent emotion seemed to choke his utterance, but he mastered it, and resumed:—"I say there was a gal who was every way a good one as I thought for a wife, and we were often together—but there was many fellers wanted her; and one of 'em, about as fit for her as one of these riglars is a bush-fight, somehow over-persuaded her, and she turned to him, so that I found it hard to get a word of her any more. It was a sore matter, and I tried to make it up—hows'ever it wouldn't do. So at last—the villain had some spunk in him—I got him out where there was no one to part us. *He staid there*, and I came away. I had to run for it—and this, with the disappointment, near about set me crazy. So I changed my name, and set off for the unsettled spots west of the Blue Ridge, and then about the Monangahely, and so down to the Kentucky, where me and Yager—you've heard of him—hunted for years. And sometimes I'd get a scalp, and when the trouble came on, I found plenty of work, and it seemed to cool the burnin' here," (laying both hands on his breast)—"and the Governor, findin' I was used to the woods, gave me a job now and then, and made me an officer. But there will come times when I seem to go over all my back trials, and it's as much as mortal man can stand. So I say, Marie—and you, Fenton—better make it all sure while the road's clear, for, as I said afore, there's no knowin' what may come."

The earnest manner of the Ranger sent his words to the heart of Marie in whose eyes the tears stood when he finished his simple story of the results of blighted affection in his undisciplined mind. The surveyor had heard the tale bet-



dents, but never before suspected that the hero was the individual now before him. The tale, indeed, has found its way into the annals of the West, and posterity will read with pity of the misfortunes of this noted woolman. That Fenton was less urgent, with such an example before him of the insecurity of courtship, is not to be presumed; and his entreaties, backed by the advice of Butler—and shall we say, the insinuation of Marie—led to a conclusion satisfactory to all parties. The earl, to whom the facts were communicated, was so far interested that he assumed the giving away of the bride; the marriage ceremony being conducted by a young clergyman who had attended the expedition as chaplain to its commander.

The word was at length issued to break up the encampment, and begin the homeward march. The Indians who accompanied the captives from the villages visited them every day from Chillicothe, and brought provisions, furs, etc.; and some of them even furnished horses for the journey to the settlements. A number continued with the troops for several days, merely for the sake of deterring their separation from the captives. Before that part of the column with which Fenton and his bride were to move had left the camp, the wives of Cornstock and Wabethe took leave of Marie. Kishkaiwa had been wounded at the Kenhawa and being thus incapacitated for a renewal of his design upon Marie, his faithful but injured partner had so won upon him by her assiduities, that on the departure of the pale-face he manifested strong indications of reviving love for the Swan. Many tokens of remembrance, wrought by the hands of benevolent women, were pressed upon Marie ere they turned away toward their lodges, after a close embrace, which was not the less hearty because of the differing color of the parties.

On the evening of the second day after leaving camp the Ranger sought an opportunity to speak with the surveyor and Marie before they retired to rest.

“The General has ordered me on service away from camp,” said Butler, “and I shall be in the woods long afore you are



stirrin' to-morrow, so I thought I'd see you to-night, maybe for the last time—and I say good-bye!"

"My worthy!" said Fenton, "we are very sorry to leave you. We hoped to have you with us all the way back. But you'll see us again. We shall probably stop at Pimburg, and you must spend your time with us when you come there. God bless you, Butler!" and he grasped the hand of the Ranger with a fervor which evinced the sincerity of the wish.

Marie was at first too much affected to speak—but she took from her finger a large French ring, (which, with her rosary, she had been allowed to keep at Chillicothe,) which bore her initials in white cipher on a blue ground, and handing it to the Ranger, she succeeded in pressing it upon him as a pledge of her unfading gratitude and esteem.

"Well, Marie! I'll take it since you say so, tho' I shan't want it to keep you in mind. But you are gain' among the folks in the settlements, and you'll see many a one that's got more to recommend him than a rough woodsman like me. So I thought maybe, as we had been in some ugly times together, you'd not refuse to carry this to keep you from forgettin' me."

"Forget you?—never! never!" said Marie.

"This book," continued the Ranger, drawing a small faded volume from the bosom of his hunting shirt, "was given to me, when I was a child, by my mother; and though I never could read in it, it was all I brought with me when I came home, and I wouldn't like to lose it by any chance out here. It has gone through many a scrimmage, and I've kept it for the sake of her that gave it to me. You take it, Marie—it's the only thing I have that's fit for such as you, and you'll let me see it, if I ever get far enough in to find you and Fenton."

Deeply touched, Marie received the proffered gift. Other words followed, and finally the Ranger bade adieu to the only sympathizing hearts he had met since he began his homeless life in the wilderness.

Sitting in their tent, Marie and her husband examined the



volume, so precious in the eyes of their friend. It proved to be a copy of the New Testament on a blank leaf of which was written in rude characters: "SIMON KENTON, from the Mother, FAQUEEN COUNTY, VIRGINIA, 1768;" and below, in the same hand: "S. K. born April 19 1753.\*"

"Poor fellow," sighed Kenton. "with a noble heart and great capabilities, he has been left to grow up in ignorance: and he now feels the bitter consequences of early misfortune. But if he lives, he will yet make himself a respectable character."

And this prophecy, springing from a knowledge of the valuable germs in the Ranger's mind, was fulfilled. The self-respect, the prudence, the integrity, the exalted courage and enterprise of the man, gained for him a name which threw a lustre upon his declining years; and long after the youthful pair whose estate he had so won, were gathered to the tomb, and their children had grown up to take their places in the busy world, the Ranger lived, an honored relic of the land by whose fearless industry the valley of the Ohio was opened to the tide of emigration.

Would that we could say as much for the chieftain of the Shawan-s whose virtues shine so conspicuously in the annals of his race! Three short years after the treaty of Camp Charlotte, he was brutally murdered at the Fort which the Virginians had erected on the fatal field at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa. Yet his last actions were worthy of his noble career. Encouraging his son, who had just arrived, and who shared his melancholy end, he recognized in the treachery which was employed the fulfilling of a presentiment which had haunted him through the day; and he said to Ellinpsico.

"My son, the Great Spirit, has seen fit that we should die together, and has therefore sent you here. It is his will—we must submit!" Then drawing his blanket about him,

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\* The date of Kenton's birth is differently stated by some: but the reader may be assured of the greater probability of the above being the true one.



he received, with all the dignity of an ancient sage the bullets of his white assassins.

Reader, we have done. May the tragedy with which we have closed our tale, and which is recorded against our people to all coming time, awaken in thee a livelier sense of the wrongs inflicted on the red man; and serve hereafter to moderate the severity of thy censures upon his untutored

DEED



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Martha Washington tea party. For five little girls in old-time costume.  
The evil there is in it. For two young boys.  
Wise and foolish little girl. For two girls.  
A child's inquiries. For small child and teacher.  
The cooking club. For two girls and others.  
How to do it. For two boys.  
A hundred years to come. For boy and girl.  
Don't trust faces. For several small boys.  
Above the skies. For two small girls.  
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